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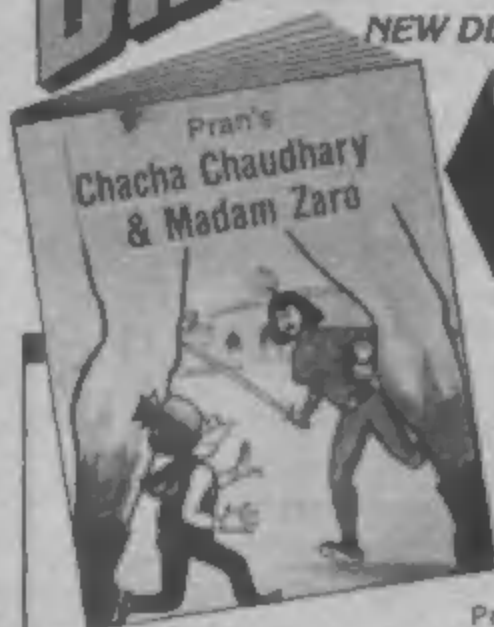
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APRIL 1988



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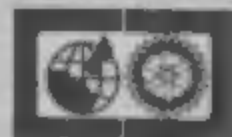
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Vol. 18 APRIL 1988

No. 10

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* The last chapter of the *STORY OF RAMA*.

* Your simple lessons in First Aid continue.

* The story of *Mudrarakshasa* (The Royal Seal), the great Sanskrit Classic, enters

an interesting phase

* What new prank is brewing in Tenali Rama's fertile brain?

* A bunch of refreshing stories, Towards Better English, Did You Know? Let Us Know and all the other features.



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सुखं वा यदि वा दुःखं स योगी परमो मतः ॥

Atmaupamyena sarvatra samam paśyati yo'rjuna

Sukham vā yadi vā duḥkham sa yogī paramo mataḥ

He who sees himself in all, and all as equal, in pleasure or in pain, he is considered the perfect yogin, O Arjuna.

— *The Bhagavad Gita*

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CHAKRAPANI

THE EPIC STORY

We will conclude the story of Valmiki's immortal epic in the next issue. Written centuries ago, the Ramayana continues to be as popular and influential as ever. It will continue to be so. Because the epics contain truths which do not grow old or out-dated with time. Rama will continue to be the symbol of perseverance and truthfulness; Sita the symbol of courage, endurance and compassion and Hanuman the symbol of devotion and surrender.

Valmiki's epic has two major versions apart from the original. One is in Tamil by Kamban and the other is in Hindi by Tulsidas. There are, of course, a number of other versions in other languages. We hope, the story as presented by us will inspire you to read the original epic or one of its major versions.

Thoughts to be Treasured

Without living Truth, God is nowhere.
—**Mahatma Gandhi**



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NEWS FLASH



BATHING IN STARDUST

One day in 1987 every person on earth bathed in invisible stardust which was showered on our planet. The dust descended from a supernova, an exploding star.

EARTHQUAKES

In 1987 the earth was rocked by 76 major earthquakes, apart from many insignificant ones. The worst of them was a quake along the Colombia-Ecuador border which killed one thousand people.



UNUSUAL SIGNATURE ON CHEQUE

Doc Whitehead of London has a bank account. So what? Tens of thousands of people have bank accounts! The fun is, he is only fifteen months old and what is more, he is no human being, but a little dog. He draws money by putting his pug mark on the cheques.

THE PEACE FLAME

A flame preserved from the ruins of Hiroshima destroyed by atom bomb in August 1945 will be sent to the United Nations Special Session on Disarmament to take place on May 15. It will be the Flame of Peace, reminding the delegates of the horrors of the nuclear war.



*Twinkle, twinkle little Gems,
How I wonder what's in them
Up above the world so high,
Like little diamonds in the sky*



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STORY OF

RAMA

—By Manoj Das

(Hanuman located Sita in Lanka and Rama led an army of Vanaras to the island. After a terrible war, Ravana was vanquished. Sita was rescued. Back in Ayodhya, Rama was crowned the king.)

SITA BACK IN THE WILDERNESS

Never before had the people of Ayodhya known such happiness. Rama's greatness made them feel great. They felt that the only way they could show their gratitude to Rama was by living a truthful and honest life.

Even Nature seemed to be happy. Because the children of

the Earth led a harmonious life, the cycle of seasons rotated harmoniously and there was plenty of rain and plenty of crops. Rama ruled on with the compassionate Sita by his side and his faithful brothers ever prepared to do his bidding.

Days passed smoothly.

Alas, only if days passed





smoothly forever!

It so happened that one day while in a private conference with his ministers, Rama asked them, "Do you ever hear any criticism of my rule or of my conduct? I expect you to tell me the truth even if it is the most bitter truth!"

"Of your rule, my lord, there is nothing but all praise..." said a minister.

"What about my personal conduct? Do people pass any comment on that?" Rama asked.

The minister hesitated. But Rama exhorted him to speak out whatever he had heard.

"There are some people who question your wisdom in giving Sita the status of the Queen of Ayodhya. After all, she had been carried away by a demon. She had been a prisoner of the demons. True, you are the king and nobody will question your conduct, they say, but they cannot approve of your conduct. The society runs along certain norms. The king's example may inspire the commoners to take liberties with such norms!" reported the minister.

"Is this true?" Rama asked the other ministers.

"True," said they. "There are always some people who will imagine a patch of darkness even in the sun. You should ignore them."

Rama sat stunned. The ministers sat silent. Indeed, he knew that Sita was pure as a flame, but the common people knew it not. They had not been witnesses to the divine scene when Sita emerged from the fire radiant as tested gold, praised by none other than the God of Fire himself!

In silence Rama took the most grim decision in his life.

Sita was to become a mother. A few days back she had ex-

pressed before Rama her desire to spend some time in the company of sages, away in a hermitage in the forest. A peaceful and serene atmosphere and the words and thoughts of people devoted to God should do good to her coming offspring and herself.

Rama decided to fulfil this desire of Sita—but with a difference.

Along the river Bhagirathi ran the chariot—driven by the wise Sumantra. Sita sat in it enjoying the charming facets of the landscape all around her, listening to the soft music of the breeze playing against the trees. However, she saw certain signs which told her that all was not well with the world in which she lived!

The chariot stopped amidst a flower-decked meadow, which overlooked a hermitage.

"Devi! The hermitage yonder belongs to Sage Valmiki. I'm sure, the inmates of the hermitage will soon find you and welcome you. You will live in peace, far from the madding crowd," said Lakshmana. But he was trembling with suppressed emotion and he could hardly utter his words clearly.



Sita was surprised. She looked at Lakshmana with curiosity and anxiety.

Lakshmana could control himself no longer. He burst into tears and fell at Sita's feet and informed her that she was not to return to Ayodhya. Rama must live without her so that nobody could say that the king was over the social norms!

Leaving Sita bewildered and shocked, Lakshmana and Sumantra retreated to a hiding. Sita collapsed on the ground, weeping. Before long, as Lakshmana looked on, some young hermits saw her. Informed by them, Sage Valmiki came

rushing to her side and led her into his hermitage with great love and affection.

Lakshmana felt partly relieved. But he could not help telling Sumantra with great anguish, "How could my brother abandon Sita? How could he do such a thing?"

Sumantra was calm and composed. He said, "O Prince, this was destined to be so. Providence will take care of Mother Sita. Don't you worry on that count."

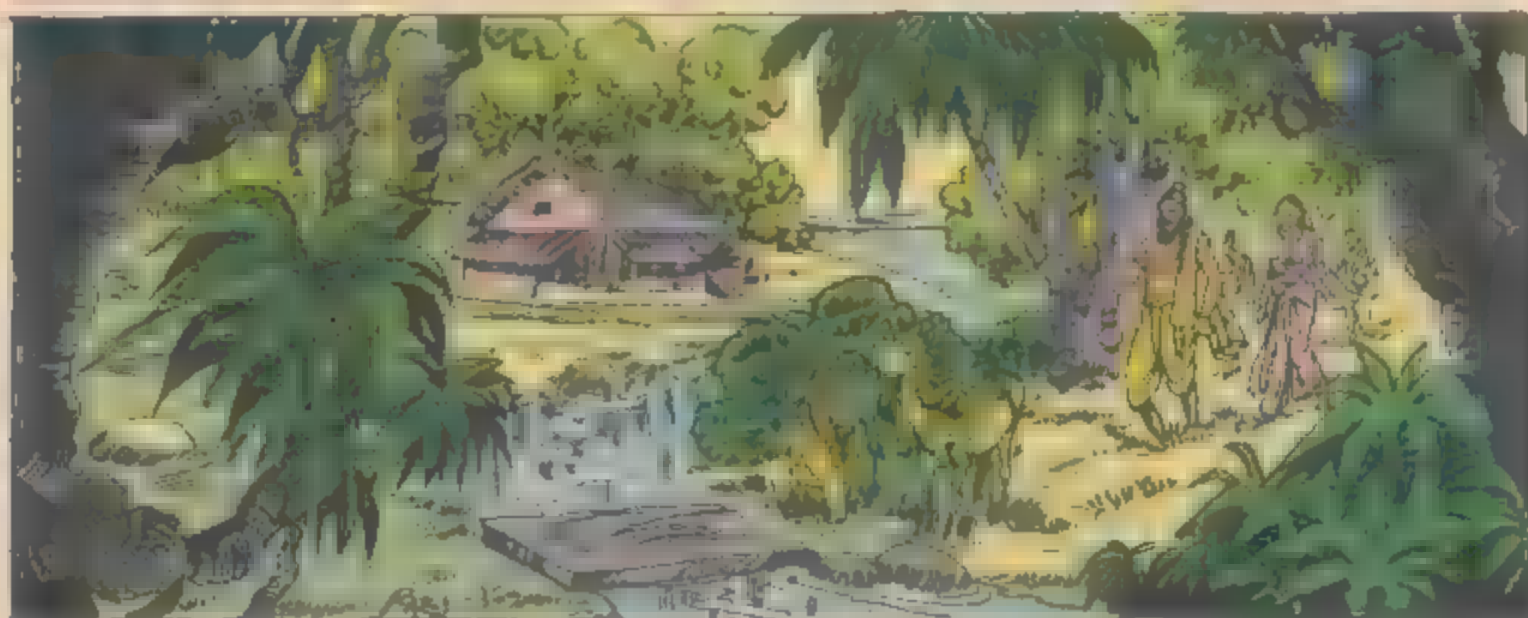
"How do you say so?" challenged Lakshmana.

"Since you are so upset, I can confide to you my knowledge of this episode. But you must not speak a word of it to anybody," said Sumantra. He then re-

vealed that long long ago once some naughty demons, guilty of horrible crimes, were granted shelter by the wife of Sage Bhrigu. Vishnu's mighty weapon Sudarshana Chakra, released to destroy the demons, had to destroy their protector, the sage's wife. The furious Bhrigu cast a curse saying that Vishnu would be obliged to be born as a human being and suffer the loss of his wife. Later the sage repented for his curse and apologised to Vishnu. However, Vishnu let the curse work on him so that his human incarnation would serve some significant purpose. Rama is that incarnation of Vishnu. Hence, this was inevitable."

Lakshmana understood.

—To conclude





VASANTI'S CONCERN

Should you ever pay a visit to Motipur, you will surely hear of Vasanti the simpleton!

The earliest story about her goes back to the very day she arrived in the village, as a bride. She served her mother-in-law with great love throughout the day and, at night, asked her in a tender voice, "When do you propose to leave for heaven?"

"What did you say, my child?" asked the mother-in-law.

"Now that I am here to run the household, you can depart to heaven, can't you?" explained Vasanti.

The mother-in-law was taken aback. "Why do you say so, my daughter?" she asked showing great patience.

"It is because my mother often says that the day my brother would marry and she

would bring home a daughter-in-law, she would die in order to dwell in peace in heaven. Such good luck is yet to come to her; but you've got it already," answered Vasanti.

The mother-in-law now understood how childish and innocent Vasanti was. She smiled and said, "I wanted to enter heaven right now. But God says that I should stay on here till the arrival of a grandchild."

"I see. That is fine," said Vasanti happily.

In due course of time Vasanti gave birth to a child. "Mother, do you propose to leave for heaven now?" she asked her mother-in-law.

"Oh no. God says that if I leave you now, it will be very difficult for you to manage the baby all alone," said the

mother-in-law.

"How correct God is! He is quite wise, I must say!" observed Vasanti.

"Yes, my child, perhaps wiser than you!" commented the mother-in-law, laughing.

Vasanti's son grew up and it was no longer necessary to take much care of him. One day Vasanti asked her mother-in-law, "Mother, are you departing for heaven now?"

The old lady laughed and said, "I wanted to depart. But it is reported that just now there is no space in heaven for newcomers."

"Quite possible. Don't I see even those wastelands around our village now crowded with people? Heaven being a better place, no wonder it should be over-populated," said Vasanti.

Years passed. Vasanti's son became a young man and got

married. The day the bride came home, Vasanti appeared before her mother-in-law, looking pale.

"What is it, my child?" asked the old lady affectionately.

"Mother!" whispered Vasanti, "won't my daughter-in-law ask me to depart to heaven now that she is here to take charge of our household? But I don't feel any urge to go away now!"

The old woman laughed and patted Vasanti on the back and said, "No, no, my child. Your daughter-in-law is not likely to put such a proposal before you. All are not so eager to give peace to their mothers-in-law! If all she says any such thing to you, you can tell her that unless I depart there first and arrange accommodation for you, you cannot arrive there!"

"That is a good idea!" said Vasanti happily.

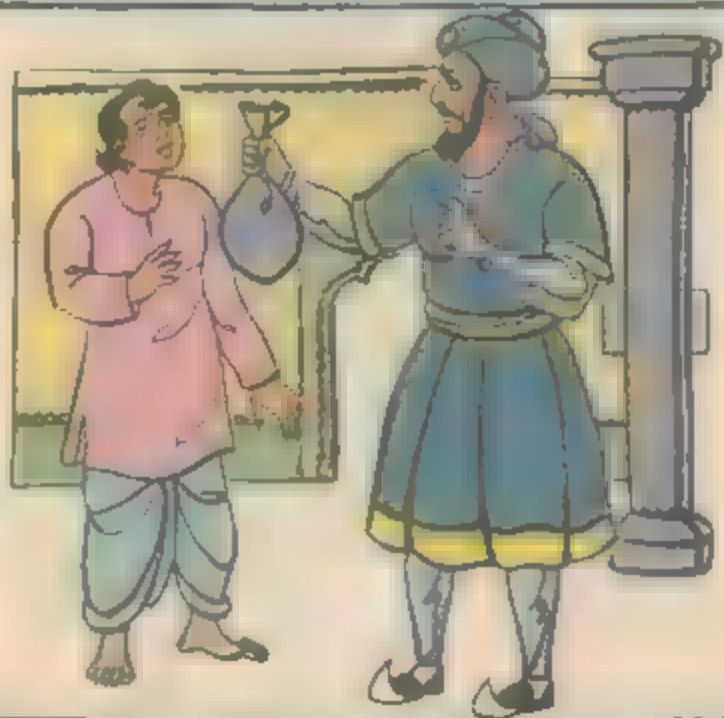


A WAY TO DIE

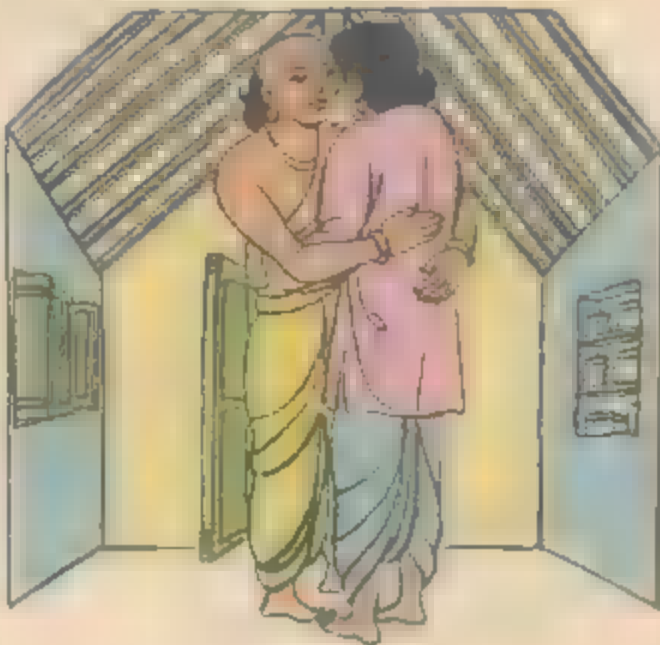


The Sultan of Bijapur feared that King Krishna Deva Raya may conquer his sultanate. He plotted to assassinate the king in consultation with his ministers.

One of the ministers called a greedy friend of Tenali Rama named Kanakaraju and gave him a huge amount of money and persuaded him to assassinate Krishna Deva Raya.



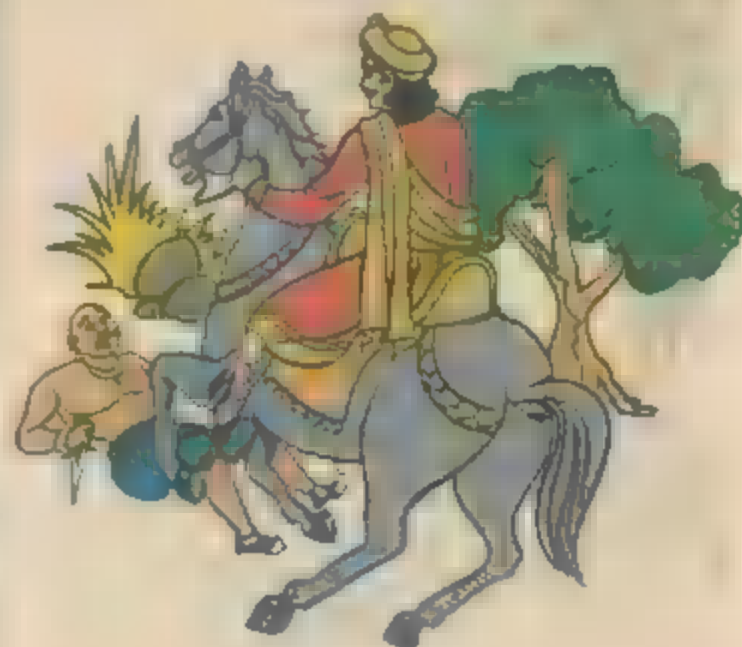
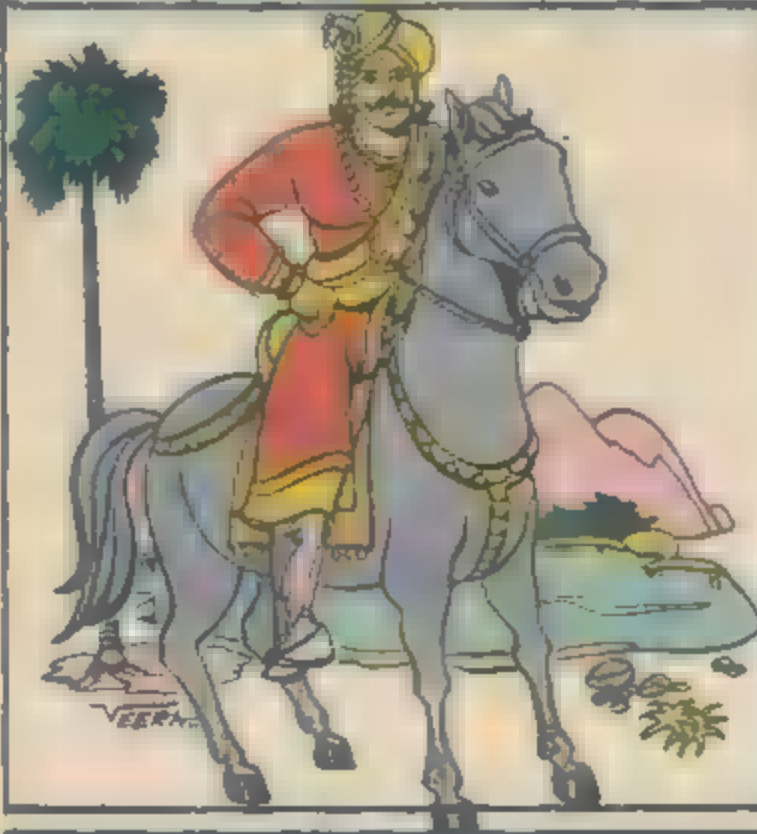
One evening, while Tenali Rama was away, Kanakaraju sent a message to the king, asking him to come alone to a lonely place where he will find a marvel.



Kanakaraju went to Tenali Rama's house and was warmly received. A seasoned murderer who accompanied him, remained in hiding.

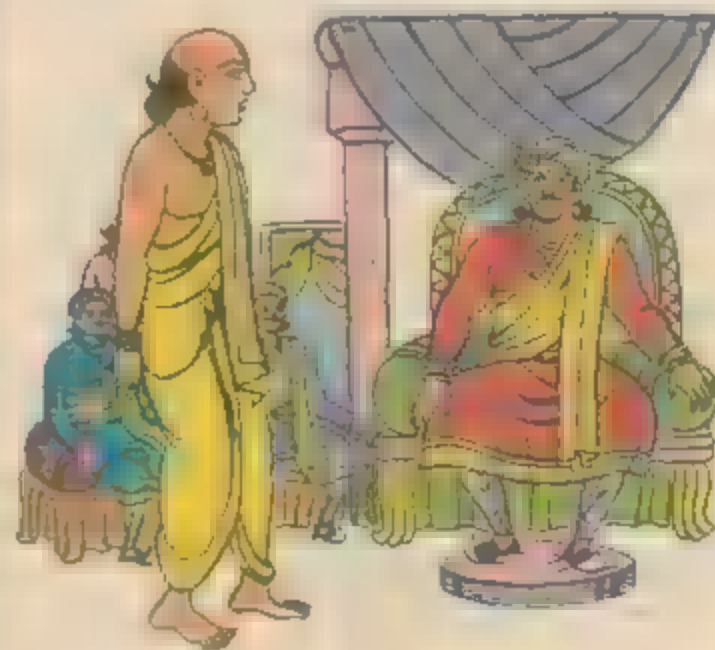


Since it was Tenali Rama's servant who carried the message, the king thought that it had come from Tenali Rama. Expecting to enjoy some fun, he ~~went~~ to the spot.

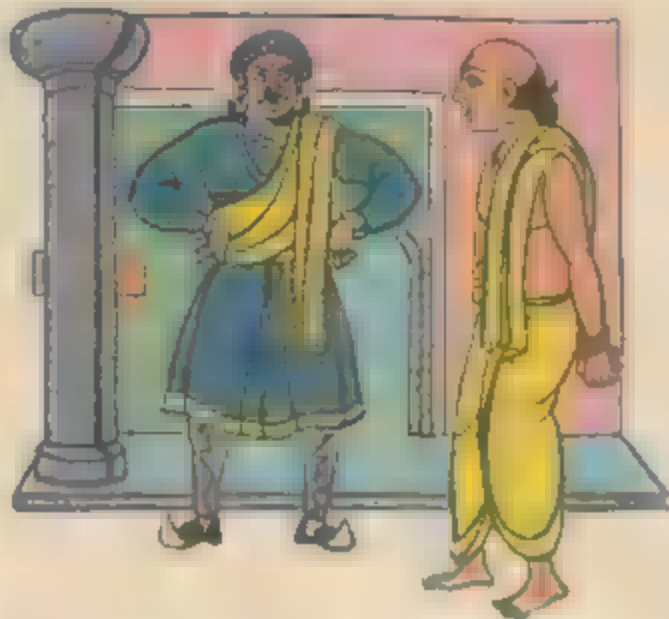


At once the murderer who was hiding behind a bush jumped up and tried to stab the king. But the king's horse stood on its hind legs and pounced on the fellow.

The king got off and snatched the dagger from the fellow's hand and kept him pinned to the ground till some people ~~were~~ running.

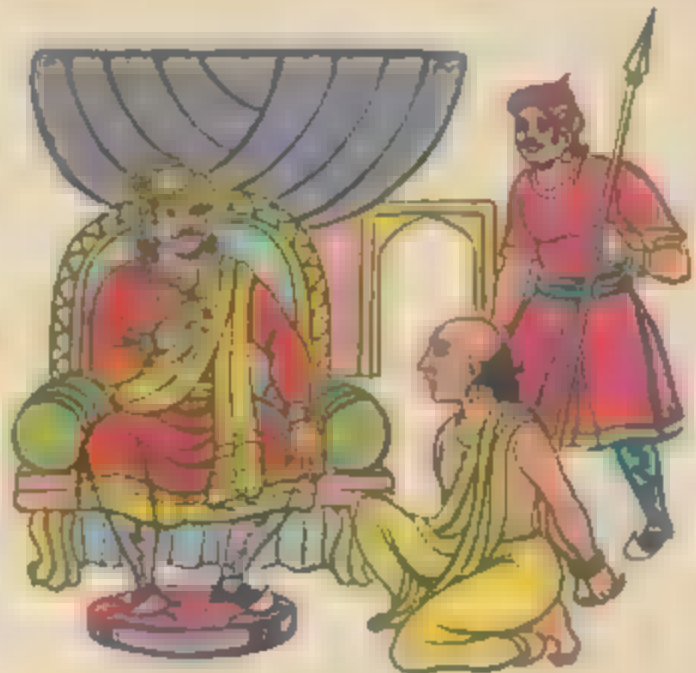


The fellow revealed that he had been employed by Kanakaraju, Tenali Rama's friend and guest. Tenali Rama was arrested and brought before the king

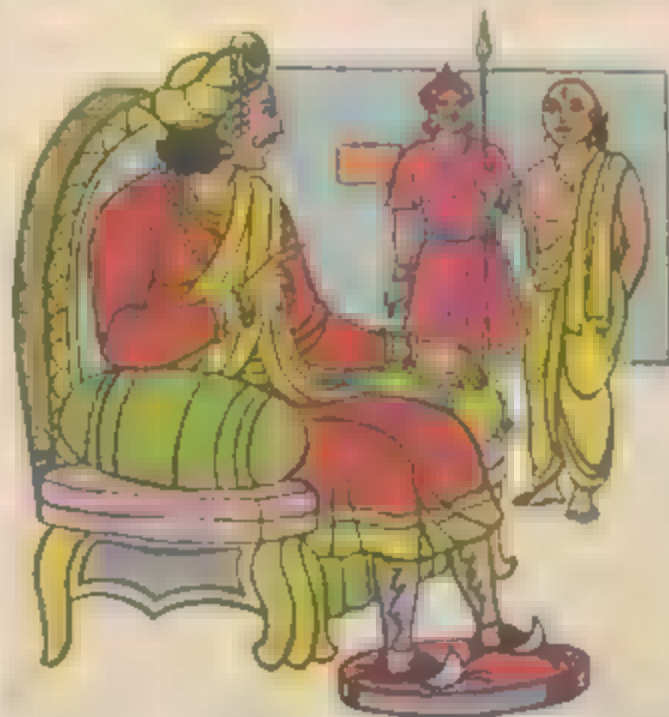


"You ~~are~~ to die for harbouring ~~a~~ culprit!" ~~said~~ the minister, coming close to Tenali Rama.

Tenali Rama pleaded innocence and appealed to the king to be spared of his life.



"Grant ~~me~~ I die of old age!" said Tenali Rama. That made the king laugh. He pardoned Tenali Rama, for he knew that the jester was really innocent.



The king said, "Your death is a must, but you can choose the way you will like ~~to~~ die." The king promised to grant him his choice.



THE GREAT CAVALRY

News reached King Rajasingha that his enemy was planning to march over his kingdom. The king also heard from his spies that the enemy had not only able-bodied foot-soldiers but also large number of horsemen.

The king consulted his general. He found out that they were not strong enough to defend the kingdom.

"I have a plan, your Highness!" said Andare, the court jester.

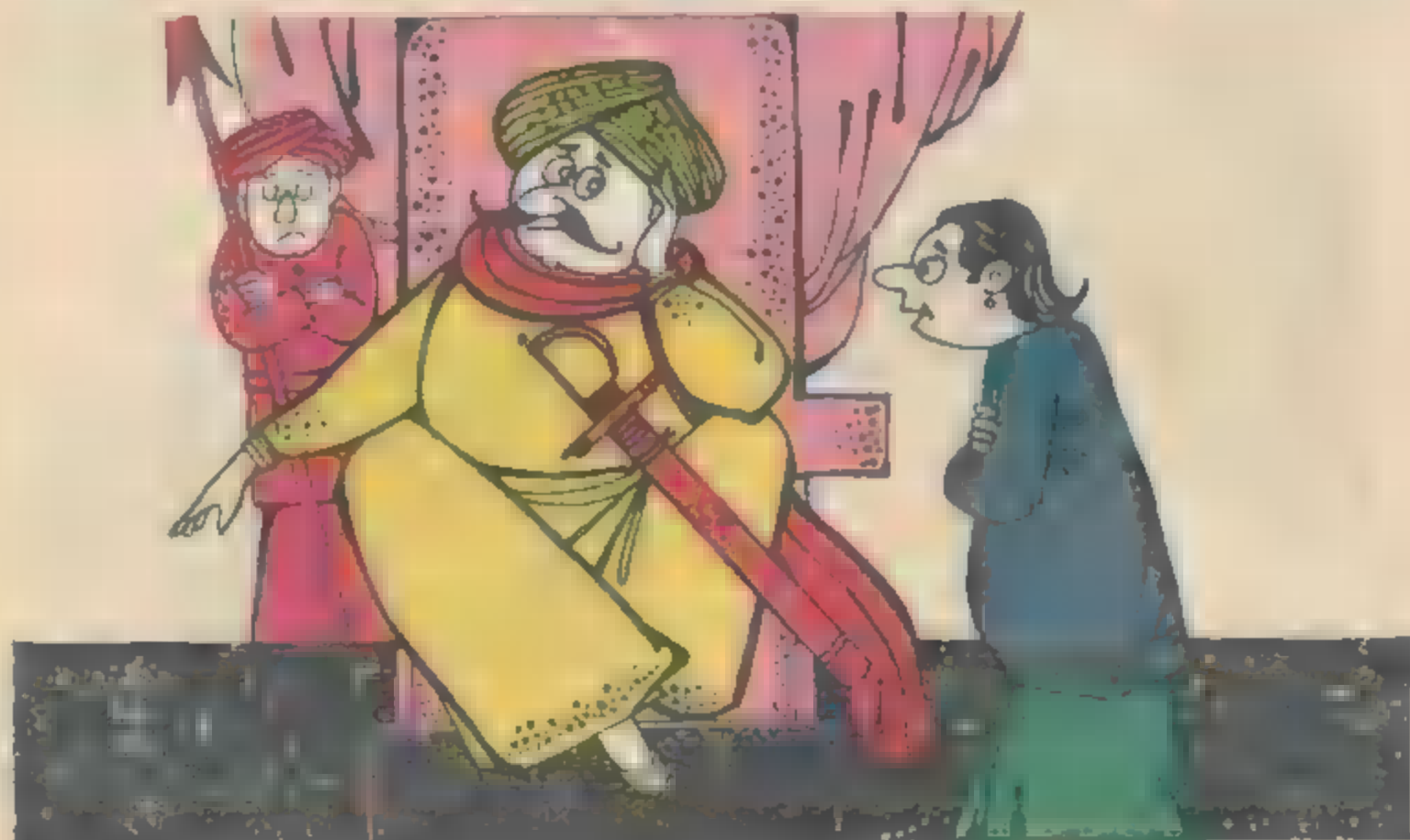
"What is it?" asked the king.

"I shall tell you later, your Highness! Will you please permit me to carry out my plan first? I'm hopeful of chasing away the invader without any bloodshed on either side," said Andare.

The king who had great faith in Andare said, "Go on!"

A few days passed.

Andare approached King Rajasingha. "Your Highness! Please send a message to the enemy king saying that we are



ready for the war," he proposed.

The king hesitated. "How can I send such an audacious message unless I know how we are going to face the enemy?"

"Have trust in me, your Majesty. Message or no message, the enemy is going to attack us soon. How then can such a message be harmful at all?" argued the jester.

"Go then as my messenger and say whatever you want to say. But remember, if your plan fails yours will be the first head to be offered to the enemy.

Dressed as a royal emissary, Andare proceeded to the

enemy's court. He then told the enemy king: "Your Highness! We are ready. When are you invading our land?"

The enemy king was taken aback. He least expected such a question. He grew fidgety. "Go and tell your king that I have not yet decided the date for leading the expedition," he said.

"Sooner the matter is settled the better, your Highness. Our soldiers are growing restless," said Andare.

Then he took leave of the enemy king.

A stranger met him on his way back home. They became companions. It did not take long



for Andare to find out that the stranger was a spy set by the enemy king to find out the truth of the situation.

As they neared the land of Rajasingha, Andare led the stranger uphill. On the other side of the river was a vast field. "There are the horses trained to fight unto death," he said.

The stranger couldn't believe his eyes. He saw horses, horses and horses all over the field.

"My God!" exclaimed the stranger. "Well, I forgot something. I must go back." He took to his heels.

The very next day a messenger from the enemy king came carrying a letter. It read: "I've no plan to invade your glorious kingdom. We are friends forever."

The king hugged Andare and said, "My dear Andare! How

did you do it?"

Andare led the king and his ministers to the brink of the field on the river and showed them the horses.

The king gasped for breath with wonder. His ministers pinched themselves to know if this was not a dream.

"Whose horses are they?" asked the king.

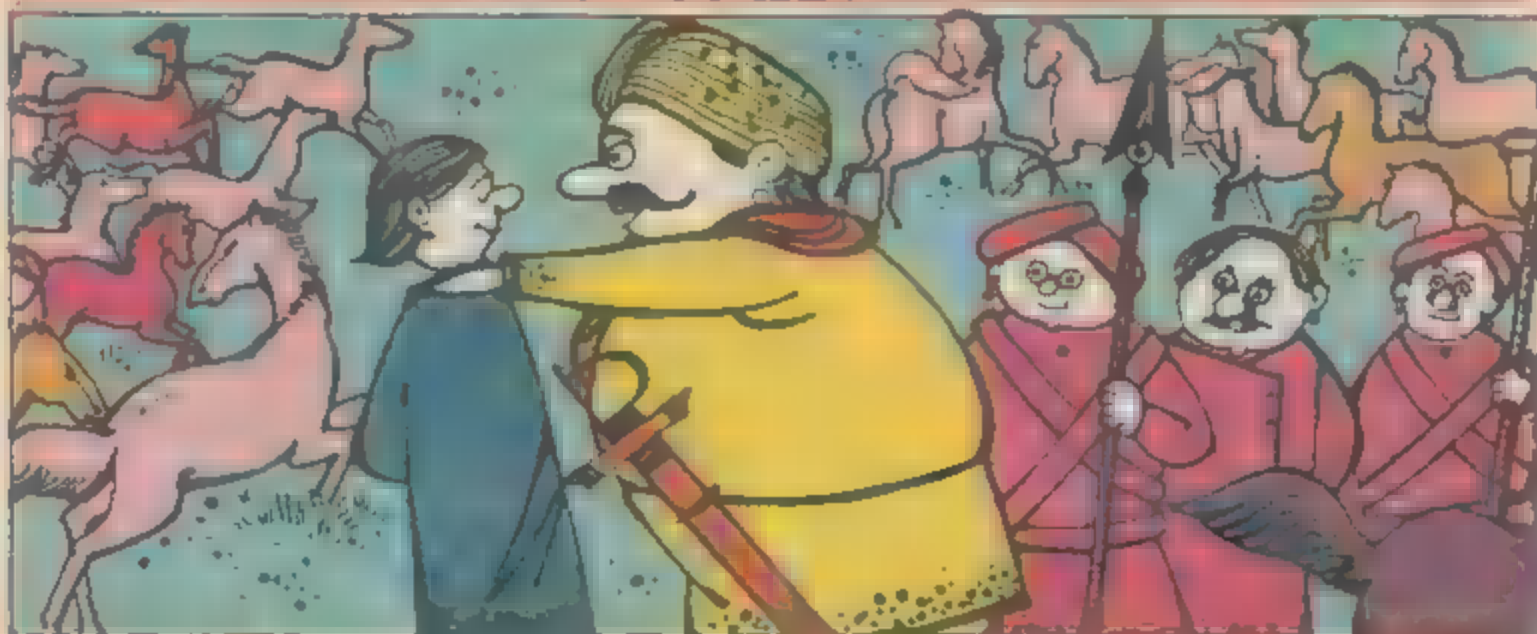
"Ours, your Highness," replied Andare.

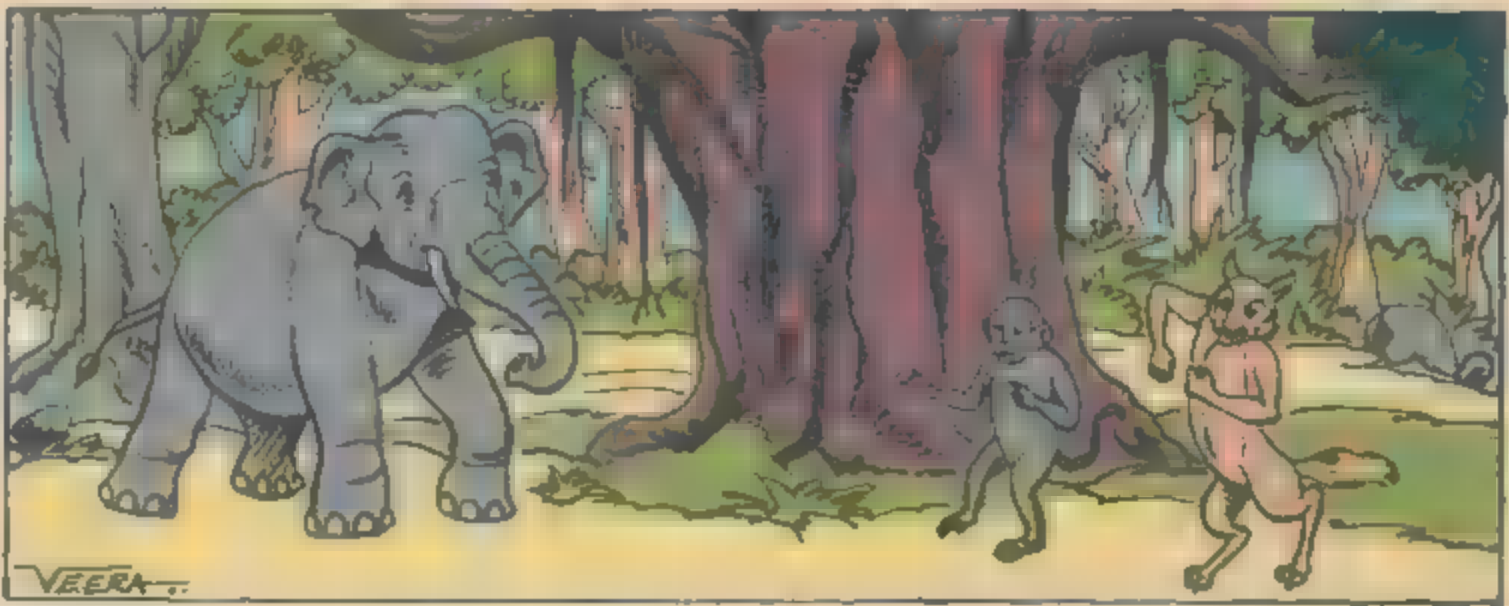
"Ours? Can't be! We never had so many horses!"

Andare laughed. "They belong to our potters, your Highness. They are mud horses, though you can also see live ones here and there. This is how I fooled the spy and through him the enemy king."

"Andare can fool all the people all the time," commented the king and his minister.

—Retold by P. Raja.





Legends ■ Parables ■ India

UNDER THE TREE AND ABOVE

Long long ago in a certain forest lived many creatures. Three of them, an elephant, a monkey and a jackal, had found their abode under a large banyan tree.

Well, they lived peacefully for many years, but one day they quarrelled over a trivial issue. The elephant had been away from the abode for three days at a stretch and when he was back, he expected the monkey and the jackal to greet him. But they did not show the slightest gesture of greeting.

"You should have respect for seniority," observed the elephant. He sounded pretty grave.

"You are no senior to us! You are only larger than we, that is all. If we are to show respect to size, we should bow to this banyan tree all the time! This is bigger than any of us," said the monkey.

"This banyan tree was no higher than my leg when I first came here," observed the elephant.

"Is that so? I used to sit on the ground and pluck tender leaves from its top!" claimed the monkey.

"So what? It was sport for me to jump over it every time I passed this way," said the jackal.

"Hm!" said the elephant.

"The problem is, we cannot decide who is the senior-most among us. I was toying with the idea of making the senior-most resident the leader over the other two so that there was order or discipline in our living."

Suddenly they heard a titter overhead. It was a bird perched on a branch of the banyan tree that laughed.

"Why did you laugh?" asked the elephant.

"I laughed when I remembered that it was I who was one day flying by, holding a tiny banyan berry in my beak. The berry fell down here. Out of that, in the course of time, sprouted a plant which has grown up to this stature, giving you shelter," said the bird.

The three creatures under the tree stood amazed. Then said

the elephant, "Good. Why not then you become our leader?"

The bird flapped its wings and, about to take off, said, "How do I care for your petty quarrels? Why should I preside over your foolish disputes and vanities? I must fly from horizon to horizon, marvelling at the sunrise and the sunset and the rainbow. Where do I have time for you?"

The bird flew away.

The three creatures hung their heads in shame.

"It is because you demanded respect from me that we quarrelled!" said the jackal.

"Tut, tut!" said the monkey. "Don't begin yet another quarrel!"

—Retold by Vindusar.



THE BETTER

The new recruit to the force of guards was told by his senior, "I need hardly say that you must prove more alert, more smart, more speedy in your action than the smuggler and the criminal you confront. Your success lies in proving yourself better than he!"

The new recruit was on a round of the camp for the first time at night. He returned to the camp by midnight, panting and sweating.

"What happened?" asked his senior.

"I came face to face with a gang of three criminals. They pointed their pistols at me," he said.

"What did you do?"

"I was alert enough to read the situation, and smart enough to jump into my jeep. They drove at eighty kilometres; I drove at hundred!" he said with satisfaction.





THE GROCER'S CLAIM

Vinaybhushan, the poet, was passing by the grocery shop of Jeewandas. He heard Jeewandas telling a customer, "All my life I'm buying and selling!"

Back at home the poet composed a poem which began like this:

All my life I have bought
and sold,
But what have I stored?
filth or gold?

Whatever I have, how can I
carry?

To the world beyond life
on what kind of ferry?

He read his poem before the village landlord. The landlord was charmed. He rewarded the poet with a hundred gold coins.

While returning from the landlord's house, the poet showed his reward to Jeewandas and said, "Believe me, it is a

statement made by you which put the idea of the poem into my mind."

"Is that so? I keep on speaking. Some understand my words in one way and others understand in another way," observed the shop-keeper.

That inspired the poet to compose yet another poem which began like this:

How mysterious are the
sounds we hear

How different to the ear!
As thunder they breed fear
As music they joy inspire!

This time Vinaybhushan carried his poem to the king's representative who lived in the town. The officer was so happy that he gave him a hundred gold

coins.

All in the village heard about the poet's good fortune. They came to congratulate him. Among them was Jeewandas. The poet embraced him and said, "Believe it or not, again it is your utterance which gave me the idea for this poem."

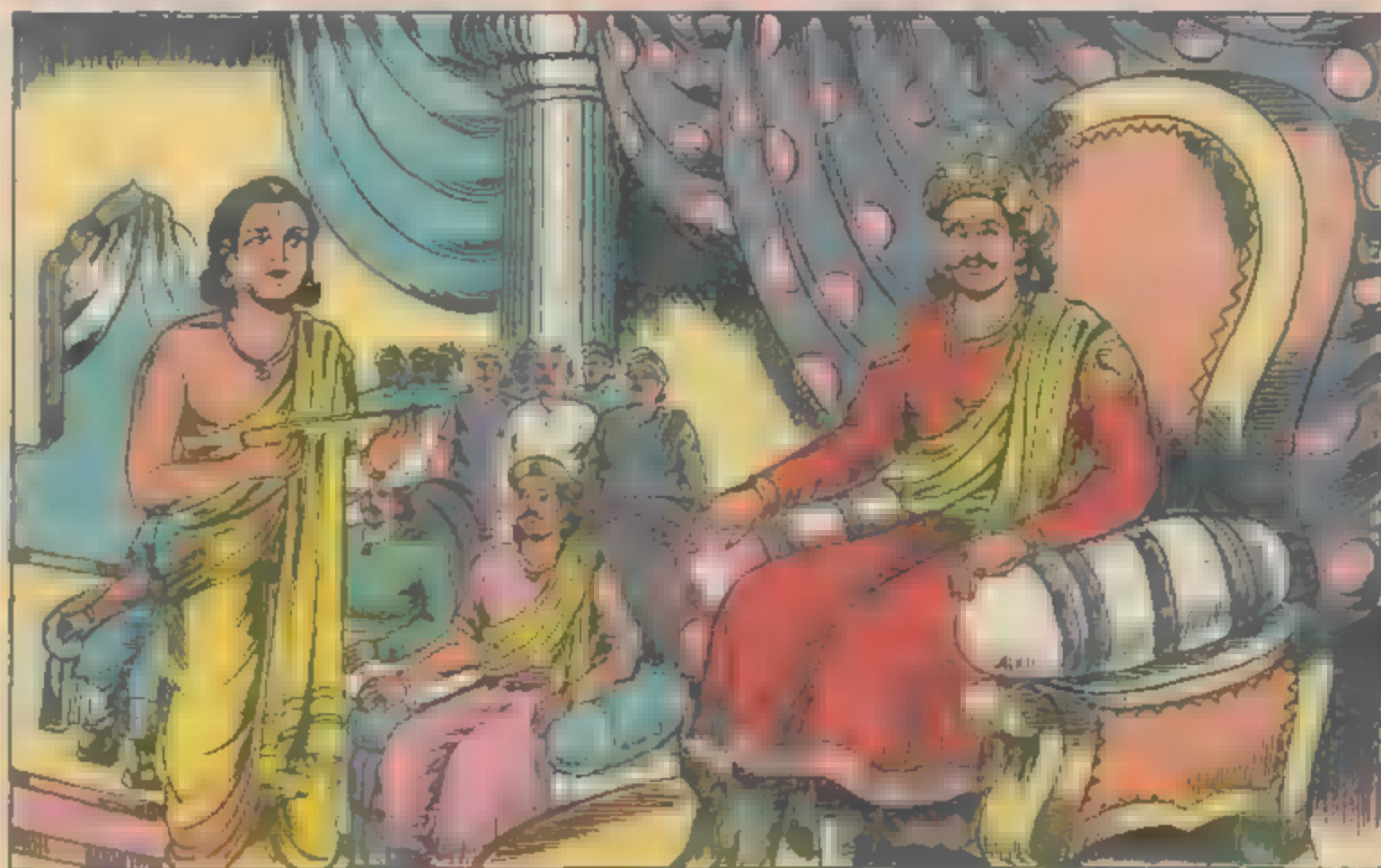
"You known how to pick up the right words!" observed the shop-keeper.

The shop-keeper's words kept raising echoes in the poet's ears. He wrote another poem in the same evening, to the effect:
As I walk over the stretched
lands
I find them covered with stones
and sands

The wind whispers in my ear
There are gems hidden here
and there!

This time Vinaybhushan went to the captial and recited the poem before the king. The king was delighted. He requested the poet to remain in the royal guest house till a reception had been arranged in his honour.

The news of the proposed reception spread throughout the kingdom. Jeewandas too heard about it. He proceeded to the capital and congratulated the poet. "My friend," the poet told Jeewandas, "this poem too came to my mind from a word



uttered by you!"

"Is that so?" Jeewandas grew very thoughtful. Next day he sought an audience with the king. When it was granted, he told the king, "My lord, all the poems recently written by Vinaybhushan owe their origin to me!"

"How is that?" asked the surprised king. Vinaybhushan was summoned. He frankly narrated to the king how the shopkeeper's words had provided him with the themes for three of his latest poems.

Jeewandas looked encouraged. He said, "My lord, don't you think that I deserve a share in the reward the poet is to receive?"

"The question has to be answered by yourself," said the king. He then asked one of his officers to bring a sugarcane.

"To what does this sugarcane owe its origin?" the king asked

Jeewandas.

"To the earth, my lord," he replied.

"Can you chew and relish this sugarcane?" asked the king.

"Of course, my lord, I can!" replied Jeewandas.

"Can you chew and relish a handful of earth?" asked the king.

Jeewandas kept quiet. Then he smiled and said, "I have got the answer to my question, my lord. I don't have any claim to the poet's reward."

"Good that you understood. Everything is important at its proper place. The earth is most precious. So is your knowledge. But the sugarcane is a different thing. So also is poetry. If Vinaybhushan were not a poet, he could not have written poetry by simply listening to your words. Right?" asked the king.

"Right, my lord," agreed Jeewandas.



THEIR VILLAGE

In the village Virral lived three loafers. They bullied everybody and it was difficult for the common people to protest against their conduct because they were musclemen and violent.

One day they stole a fowl from a poor farmer's roost and cooked and ate it. The farmer gathered courage. Instead of complaining to the local authorities, he went to the king and reported the matter to him. The three young men were summoned.

"Did you steal the farmer's fowl?" asked the king.

"My lord, the fellow had no fowl at all. Where is the question of our stealing it?" answered a young man.

The king pretended to believe him.

"What! Did you not steal my fowl and carry it to a place under the banyan tree by the lake?" asked the farmer.

Looking at the king, the second young man said, "My lord, there is neither a lake nor a banyan tree in our village!"

The king pretended to believe this too.

"What! Did you not do so on Monday, at the time of the sunset?" screamed the farmer.

Inspired by the king's readiness to believe them, the third young man said, "My lord, there is neither Monday, nor sunset in our remote village!"

"Enough. Throw these fellows in the dungeon!" ordered the king.



HELPING SOMEONE TO BREATHE

By Dr. R. Jagannath.

Kumud and Vinod were ready in their seats, waiting for their uncle. Uncle Ram soon joined them and resumed teaching the children how to give first aid.

"We have seen that we should first find out whether the victim is alive and what we can do if the heart has just stopped beating. Let's say that the pulse is all right; now what is the next thing you would like to know?" he asked.

The children looked at each other. "What about the breathing, uncle?" ventured Vinod.

"Very good," uncle patted him on the back. "That's just what we should like to know next."

Kumud too was pleased with her little brother's smart guess. "How come I didn't think of that?" she wondered. Then turning to her uncle, she asked, "What may go wrong with the breathing, uncle?"



"First, the passage through which the air reaches the lungs might be blocked by something. Secondly, the victim may stop breathing because the part of the brain which controls breathing has stopped working."

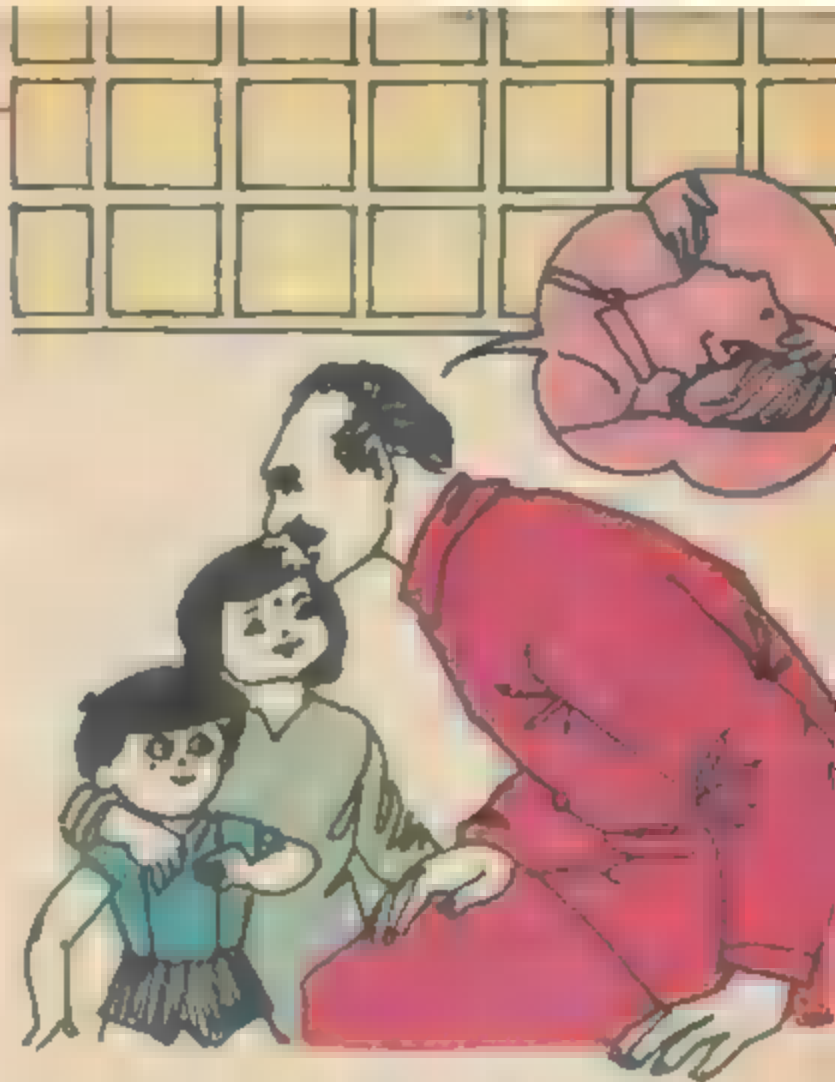
"What may block the airway, uncle?" asked Kumud.

Uncle Ram replied, "If the victim is unconscious, simply ■ wrong posture may block the airway. If he lies with the head bending forward onto the chest, the back of his tongue may block the airway. The airway may also be blocked by blood clots, vomited food or artificial or broken teeth."

"How do we know whether the airway is clear or blocked, uncle?" asked Vinod.

"If the airway is blocked, you will see the victim's effort and struggle to get the air in, by heaving the chest and working the neck muscles. If the blockage is partial, there may be ■ gurgling or snore-like noise each time he breathes. Within a few minutes, the victim starts becoming bluish and will be unconscious soon, if the airway is not cleared."

"How do we clear the airway,



uncle?" asked Kumud.

"It is quite simple," said Uncle Ram. "We make the victim lie on his back and with a hand pushing the forehead backwards, we lift his chin away from his chest with the other hand. When the head is tilted backwards, the tongue is lifted away from the airway. Thus we make sure that the tongue is not blocking the airway and then we check whether or not the person is breathing normally. If it seems that the airway is still blocked, we must open his mouth and with two fingers wrapped in a handkerchief, wipe away from the back of his

mouth any mucus, blood clots, vomit or broken teeth that may be blocking the airway. Clearing the airway may enable the person to start breathing. If there is no obvious breathing movement, we may put the back of the hand or cheek in front of his mouth and nostril and feel for any exhaled air. If there isn't any, we immediately start helping him to breathe by giving artificial respiration."

Kumud saw the puzzled look on Vinod's face and said, "Respiration simply means breathing!"

Now Vinod turned to his uncle, "Tell us how to give artifi-

cial respiration, uncle," he said.

Uncle Ram resumed. "Make the person lie on his back. Keeping one hand on the forehead and the other under the chin, tilt the head back. While maintaining this position, pinch the nostrils shut with the hand which rests on the forehead. Then take a breath, cover the victim's mouth with yours and blow hard. Remove your mouth to take another deep breath yourself and to allow the air to come out of the victim's lungs. To make sure that your blowing is effective, watch for the rise of his chest everytime you blow. If the victim is a child, only a



gentle puff of air should be given, just enough to move his chest. Repeat this, giving a blow of breath every five seconds."

Kumud interrupted to ask, "For how long should we continue to give artificial respiration, uncle?"

"Till the victim starts breathing on his own, uncle?" asked Vinod.

"Yes, of course," answered Uncle Ram. "And as long as his heart keeps beating. Even while giving the artificial respiration, we must every now and then check his pulse in the neck, in the pit by the side of the adam's apple. If at any time the heart stops beating, it is more urgent to start the cardiac massage. As long as the heart keeps beating, we should continue the artificial respiration, since the person is

alive and shall die in a few minutes if there is no breathing. If it can be continued till he reaches the hospital or till the ambulance arrives, there is a chance of his being saved, if he is otherwise a healthy person."

"If after the artificial respiration has been given for a while, the victim starts breathing on his own, he should be constantly watched till he reaches the hospital, because he may need the artificial respiration again if he stops breathing."

"Let's stop for today." The uncle stood up and Kumud and Vinod followed suit.

"Thanks uncle," said Kumud, "for having taught us that we can give the breath of life to another when the need arises."

To Continue



FIRST LONSDALE BELT

THE FIRST LONSDALE BELT AWARDED BY THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OF LONDON WAS WON BY LIGHTWEIGHT FREDDIE WELSH IN 1909. TODAY'S BELTS ARE AWARDED BY BRITAIN'S BOXING BOARD OF CONTROL.



13
goals



IN THE 1958 WORLD CUP SERIES, FRENCH SOCCER STAR JUST FONTAINE SCORED NO LESS THAN 13 GOALS.

54 RACES

KINCSEM, A HUNGARIAN MARE, WAS UNBEATEN IN 54 RACES BETWEEN 1877 AND 1878, INCLUDING THE GOLDWOOD CUP OF 1878.





WATERFALL!

DURING THE 80 DAYS OF THE RAINY SEASON, 167,500 CUBIC FT (4,740 CUBIC M) OF WATER POURS EVERY SECOND OVER THE IGUAZU FALLS ON THE BRAZIL — ARGENTINE BORDER. TWICE IN LIVING MEMORY THE LOWER RIVER HAS FLOODED TO THE TOP OF THE FALLS—A HEIGHT OF 250 FT (76 M)!

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CLAWED FROG SPENDS ALMOST ITS ENTIRE LIFE UNDER WATER. IT HAS CLAWS ON ITS BACK FEET WHICH IT USES TO GRIP ITS PREY.

UNDERWATER FROG



THE ~~WAGTAIL~~ THAT HAD NO TAIL

Once upon a time in a certain town lived a young man who owed a lot of money to a money-lender. But the young man, who was in fact a vagabond, neither paid back the capital nor any interest to the money-lender.

One day the money-lender confronted him and demanded his money then and there. "Pay me or I will straight drag you to the judge's house!" threatened the money-lender and he tried

to catch hold of the vagabond.

The vagabond began to run. The money-lender chased him. There was a race. The vagabond soon climbed the roof of a deserted house, but the money-lender too was up there following him. The vagabond jumped down and in the process injured an old hawker. The hawker's son, in his fury, tried to stop him. Failing, he too chased him.

Now the vagabond was being pursued by two fellows. He was



tired and he was about to fall down when he found a donkey. He caught hold of its tail in order to balance himself. But the terrified donkey took such a forceful jump that its tail remained in the vagabond's hand while it escaped.

Throwing the tail away, the vagabond resumed running, now followed by three persons as the owner of the donkey joined the money-lender and the hawker's son.

Running like a race horse, the vagabond dashed into a mansion. And whose mansion it should be but the judge's! Just

then the judge was receiving a purse from the notorious smuggler of the town. He was surprised at the sudden intrusion by the vagabond.

"How can I help you?" asked the nervous judge.

"Save this innocent man from his cruel chaser, sir!" said the vagabond and he added, "never believe that I have seen what you were doing."

The judge appeared at his gate. The first to reach there was the money-lender. Sweating and panting, he complained to the judge the vagabond's default in paying back his debt.



"Pay ■ fine of ■ hundred mohurs!" said the judge. "Or you'll forfeit your licence for your business."

"Fine? To be paid by me?" asked the puzzled money-lender.

"By who else? Haven't you scared this young man to near-death? Haven't you driven him into my house scaring me?" shouted the judge.

The money-lender paid up the fine and left.

The next to complain was the hawker's son.

"Let the young ■■■ stand

below the same house. You can fall on him from the roof injuring him," said the judge.

"Sir, what if I injure myself?" asked the surprised fellow.

"How dare you question my judgement? Pay ■ fine of a hundred mohurs!" said the judge, "or you will be arrested."

The hawker's son paid up the fine.

"The next?" asked the judge.

The owner of the donkey spoke up. "No sir, I have no complaint. In fact my donkey had never any tail!" And he retreated.





Tales of King and the Vampire

MAN AND DEMON

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■ soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, there must be some strong reasons behind your taking such pains at this unearthly hour of the night. Maybe, the man who has pushed you into this work has made some tall promises to you. But know, O King, that there are numerous instances of people breaking their promises. Let me give you an instance. Pay



attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: One day the King of Chandrapur, Madhav Sen, was roaming about in his kingdom disguised as a commoner. He was already far from the capital. While passing through a field something unusual attracted his attention. He saw a cat, escaping from a dog, leisurely walking from one side of a banyan tree to the other side. In the shadow of the banyan tree slept a mouse. No sooner had the cat seen the mouse, than it gave out a piercing shriek and ran for its life!

You can imagine the astonish-

ment of the king. Who could have ever imagined that a cat would be scared of a mouse? The king went closer to the mouse and observed it. "A mouse which, though asleep, can terrify a cat, must be a very dangerous creature. I should not let it live," thought the king. He unsheathed his sword. But he had second thoughts. "This sword is used against princes and soldiers who dare to confront a king. Should I use this for taking the life of a mere mouse?" Instead of using his sword he picked up a stone and was ready to crush the mouse with it. Again he thought that according to the military ethics, a sleeping creature should not be killed. Hence, he kicked the mouse awake.

A greater astonishment awaited him. The mouse instantly changed into a human being and stood up before him and smiled.

The king sprang backward and unsheathed his sword once again. But the stranger laughed and said, "Don't be afraid of me. I don't mean any harm to you."

"So, you are a human being who can change into a mouse!" said the king.

"Is it possible for any human being to change himself into a mouse? I am the king of the demons and my name is Prachanda. I hope you know that only demons can take a variety of forms according to their wish. In fact I had come to your kingdom assuming a human form. But that was not a very happy experience. At one place bandits harassed me, taking me to be a traveller from another country. At another place the merchants of Chandrapur tried to trick me under the impression that I was a wealthy trader from far. I thought that only by assuming the form of a mouse or some such creature I can be safe here," explained the demon.

"Prachanda, although I spared your life when you were lying as a mouse, I wonder if any other traveller would have done the same. But forget about it. My question is, being a demon why did you not teach a lesson to those chaps who harassed you?" asked the king.

"You see, when we the demons take human form, we lose our original strength. We are then like other human beings," said the demon and he wanted



to know the identity of the king. The king introduced himself. The demon was happy. He greeted the king.

"Why are you here, in my kingdom?" asked the king.

"I don't mind telling you the truth. For many years now we the demons have observed some sacred rules. According to the rules we cannot kill an unarmed man. We cannot kill a man even in our self-defence. Thirdly, if a man has been killed by some animal, we should not devour that corpse. But I saw that the demons of my land are bringing a number of human corpses every day and are devouring



them. I observed that many of them are quite young. How do they die? The demons tell me that they were killed in communal riots or in other violent clashes which continuously take place in the human localities. So many fall victims to such incidents that nobody misses the dead bodies which the demons carry away. I am here to see for myself whether this is true or not," said Prachanda, the demon-king.

"What is your finding?" asked the king.

"I found out many things. What our demons say is true. Further, I find that those who

are ruling over the people are more demoniac than human. They are selfish, arrogant and weak," said the demon.

The king's hand went to his sword, "Prachanda, I cannot instantly prove to you that I am neither selfish nor arrogant but I can prove that I am not weak. Come on, change into a demon and fight with me," challenged the king.

Said the demon, "Once I become a demon, no human being can defeat me. It will be an unequal fight. Let us try our strength against each other while I am in my human form. If I am defeated, my services will be at your disposal."

The king and the demon fought. The king defeated the demon. The very next moment the demon assumed his original form which was gigantic and fearful.

Looking at him the king took a backward step. "Don't be afraid of me," said the demon and he came closer to the king. He continued, "O King, you are no doubt a skilled fighter. Tell me, how I can help you?"

The king looked delighted. He said, "I propose to conquer all the kingdoms on the earth

and become the sole monarch in the world. Once I achieve this goal, I will not let one king fight another. I will frame strict codes of conduct for everybody. There will be discipline and peace all over the world," said the king. "So please help me to conquer the world," he added.

Suddenly, Prachanda burst into a booming laughter. "O King, I am sorry. I withdraw my offer of help to you," said the demon.

"But why?" asked the anxious king.

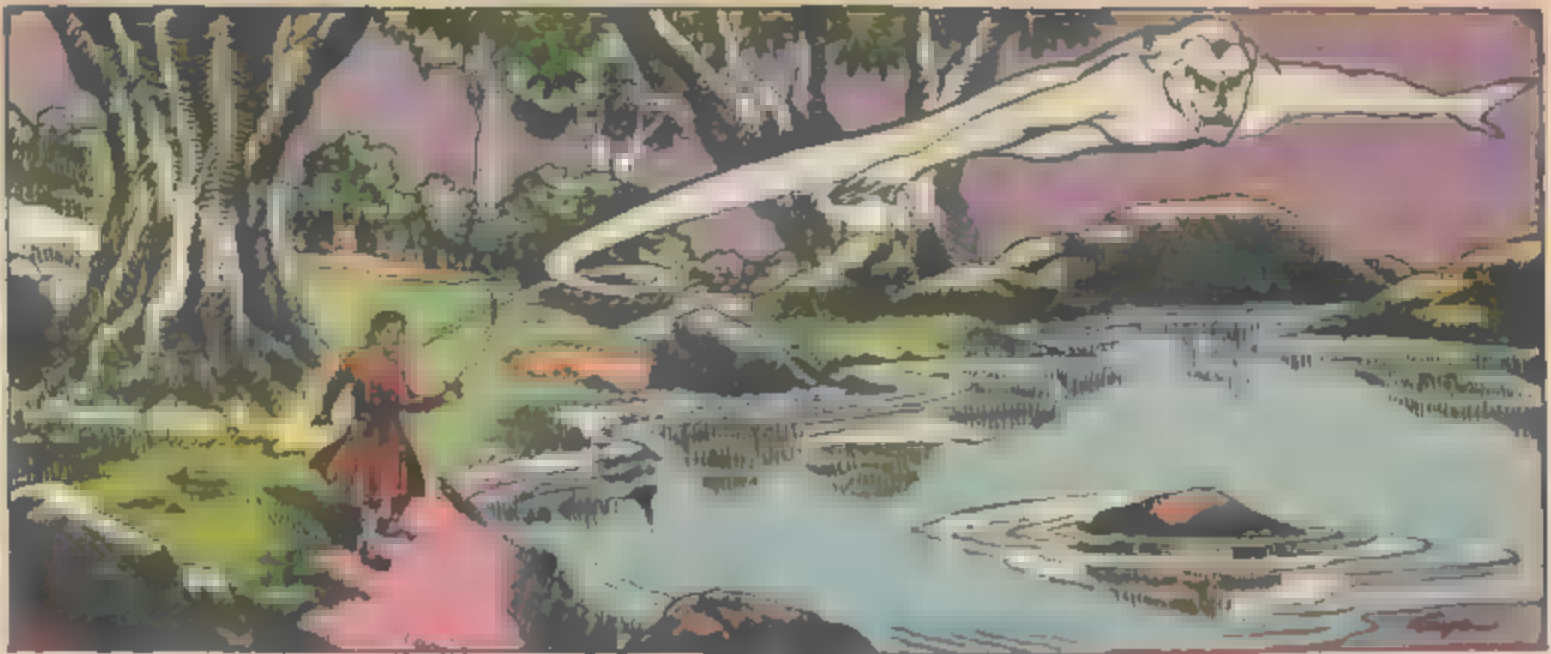
The demon laughed once again. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, he changed into a bird and

flew away into the clouds.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked the king in a challenging tone, "O King, why did the demon break his promise? Why did he laugh? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith answered King Vikram: "The demon could not have forgotten his own experience in Chandrapur. Within a short time of his arrival in the kingdom he was twice harassed, once by bandits and another time by unscrupulous merchants. A king who has not been





able to put his own kingdom in order, who is not able to put an end to communal clashes and violence from which the demons benefit, aspires to become the monarch of the world! He even dreams of establishing peace on earth! Can there be a greater instance of arrogance and stupidity? The demon understood

that the king only desired to satisfy his ambition under the pretext of high ideals. That is why the demon did not think it proper to put his services at his disposal and that is why he left."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

THE WORD

Professor Dhundhar stepped into a chemist shop.

"Yes, Professor, can I help you?" asked the polite salesman at the counter.

"Give me some prepared monacetic-acidester of salicylic acid," said the professor, his umbrella still spread over his head.

He had forgotten to fold it.

"Well, Professor, do you want aspirin?"

"That's right. I can never remember that odd name—what d'you say—aspirin!"





THE COSTLY COFFEE

Once a Sultan, disguised as a common traveller, went out on a tour of his state. Walking far beyond his capital town, he lost his way. It was evening. He located a solitary hut near a forest. He peeped in and saw a woodcutter sitting near his oven and cooking food.

The Sultan sought shelter with the woodcutter for the night. The woodcutter welcomed him and cooked some delicious dishes for him. The king had never had such a happy dinner to be followed by such a peaceful sleep.

In the morning the Sultan took leave of his host. He had found out that the woodcutter worked very hard for a small income. The Sultan sent his messengers who led the woodcutter to the palace. The Sultan did not wish to cause any awkwardness to the woodcutter before others. So he met him alone in an inner chamber of the palace. The woodcutter could not have recognised the Sultan in the new environment and more so because now the Sultan was in his royal robe. But the Sultan told him that he was none other than the traveller who had been his guest.

The woodcutter was amazed. He bowed to the Sultan again and again.

"I appoint you the Master of Trade in this town. No ware can come to the market from other states without your permission."

The man who had entered the palace as a woodcutter, came out of it as an important officer.

Some months later the Sultan died. The young prince ascended the throne. The new Sultan never drank coffee. That

is why it took a long time for him to learn that there was no coffee available at the market. Some traders who managed to import coffee sold it at a very high price and made far greater profit than they deserved.

The new Sultan enquired into the matter and found out that two ships loaded with coffee had been refused permission by the Master of Trade to unload their commodity in the harbour!

The Sultan thought over the situation for a moment. He smiled. The same evening he invited the Master of Trade into his garden room and prepared a cup of coffee for him. Handing over the cup to the guest himself, he said, "Officer, this has to be taken very slowly, sip by sip. I will never forget the bad experience I had had when someone offered it to me for the

first time and I drank it up as though it was a cup of milk!"

The fact is, the young Sultan had observed from the window of his room this man being offered coffee by his late father when he was brought to the palace the first time. The man, then a woodcutter who had never tasted coffee, had tried to gulp it all at once and had burnt his lips and tongue, though he had kept his cool.

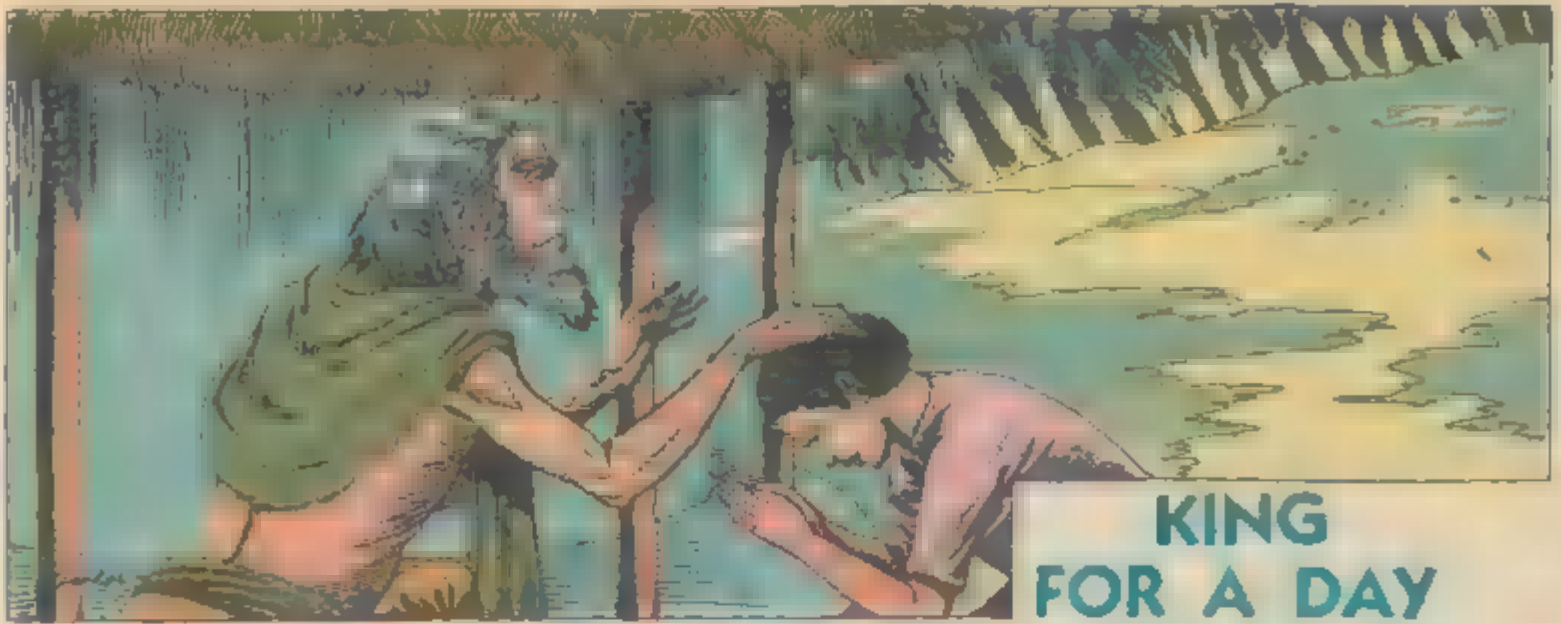
"How do you like the beverage?" asked the young Sultan.

It is delicious, my lord," replied the Master of Trade.

"I'm happy that you liked my coffee," said the young Sultan.

The Master of Trade never objected to the next ship carrying coffee to anchor in the harbour! The price of the coffee came down in no time.





KING FOR A DAY

Long long ago in a village in the kingdom of Avanti lived a young man. The villagers did not care to remember his original name, but called him Vilas, which meant luxury. Needless to say, the young man was always looking forward to a luxurious living.

While he desired comfort and luxury, he was not willing to work. He always dreamt of some windfall by which he will grow rich!

One day a hermit was passing through the village on his way to a place of pilgrimage. He fell sick and that is why spent a few days in the village temple. Vilas began to serve him. He would carry food for him from the village landlord's house and attend to his other needs.

The hermit recovered from his illness and got ready to set

out on his journey. Vilas bowed to him and said, "Baba, won't you give me some boon?"

"My boy, I can only help a man who seeks God. What you want is worldly comfort. How can I help you? I don't have any money to give you!"

"I served you when you were ill. Must you go away without giving me something?" Vilas tried to sound humble, but his words betrayed his selfishness.

"My boy, I have never asked you to serve me. To speak the truth, I continued to feel a bit uneasy as you went on serving me. Whatever that be, I can give you a small boon. Whatever you dream at night, will become real the next day. This power will remain with you for a short while. I cannot say whether this will do you any good or not!" said the hermit.



He blessed Vilas and left.

Vilas was very happy. Since his dreams will become true, he should dream worthy dreams. What is there to dream about in a village? He proceeded to the town, the capital of Avanti.

At night he lay down on the verandah of an inn. He heard people talking about the king who was kind and generous.

As he listened to the conversation, he slowly fell asleep. He dreamt that the king was walking down the street at night, all alone. An old man met him and said, "I don't know who you are, but you look brave and strong. A wolf is hiding in my hut. Can you kill it or drive it

out?"

The king followed the old man. Vilas's dream ended.

In the morning he met the king and spoke to him about his dream. The king smiled and said, "Young man, perhaps you wanted some help from me. You could have said that straightaway instead of inventing a story on a dream." He then gave him some money and asked him to leave.

But the next day the king's officers located Vilas and led him to the king's presence. The king was happy to see him and he said, "You have the uncanny power to know the future through dreams. It happened exactly as you had dreamt. I was out to see the condition of the town alone at night. An old man told me about the wolf in his house and sought my help to tackle it. I did the needful. Well, why don't you join my court as a courtier? Do you have any conditions?"

Vilas was so happy that he could not talk for a while. Then he gathered his wits and said, "My lord, just arrange for me to live comfortably."

The king made the arrangements accordingly. Vilas found

his ambition fulfilled. He lived a luxurious life. Occasionally he rode through the town proudly.

A few weeks passed. One day Vilas met the king privately, and said, "My lord, I have dreamt something unusual. But I am afraid of reporting it to you."

"There is no reason for you to fear for anything," said the king.

"My lord, I dreamt that a sage appeared before you and told you that it was time for you to depart to the Himalayas. If you linger here, you shall die. You hesitated for a moment and then got ready to follow the sage. But who will succeed you to the throne? You looked this way and that and then took hold of me and made me sit on the throne. Then you left for the Himalayas," said Vilas.

The king heard Vilas, but said nothing and went away into the palace.

Next day it so happened that a sage appeared in the court and said what Vilas had dreamt he would say. The king looked this way and that and dragged Vilas and pushed him into the throne. Then he left with the sage. The courtiers looked at the depart-



ing king sadly and then greeted Vilas with enthusiasm.

The very next day the prime minister told Vilas, "My lord, our enemy, King Sushanta, is about to invade our kingdom once again.!"

"Once again? Had he attacked our kingdom once beforehand?" asked Vilas with anxiety.

"Yes. But our former king led the army himself and defeated King Sushanta. This time the enemy is better prepared. I hope, you will lead the army to the battlefield!"

"Oh no, minister sir, you must make truce with the enemy. Please do the needful

immediately. There is ■ time to lose," said Vilas.

Vilas lost all taste for food. He passed the day nervous and anxious. At night he was unable to sleep for ■ long time.

Towards the later part of the night he dreamt that the enemy was about to siege his castle. He was trying to escape . But someone stopped him .at the gate.

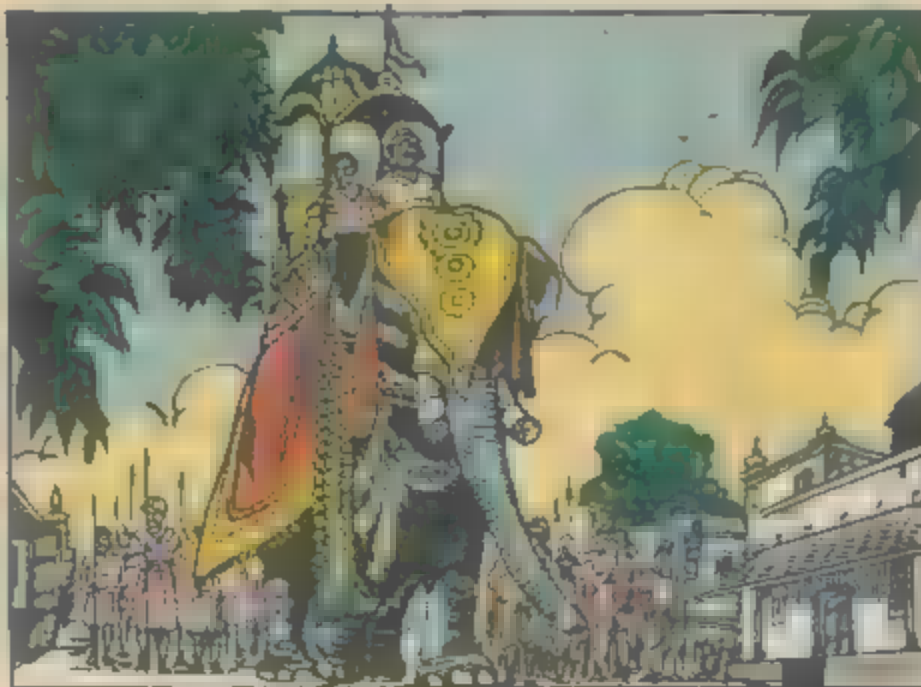
He woke up. It was still dark. He immediately put on his old clothes and tried to escape. But, as he had dreamt, someone stopped him at the gate.

To his great surprise, Vilas saw that the man who caught him was none other than the king who, he had thought, had left for the Himalayas.

The king led Vilas into the palace. Vilas was trembling with fear and bewilderment. Said the king, "You need not have any

fear. Your only fault is, you are lazy. Your first dream about my helping an old man came true because of the sage's boon. The dreams you dreamt later were inspired by your own desire and fear. You had desired to be the king so that you could be very happy. That is why you dreamt that ■ transferred the crown to you. Next day we enacted ■ drama. One of my courtiers, disguised as ■ sage, took me away. Then we gave you the false news of King Sushanta invading our kingdom. Your fear made you dream that you were escaping. I guessed it will be so. Forget all about it. Here is some money. Take this and open a shop. Earn for yourself and spend what you earn for yourself. That will give you satisfaction. But if you want true happiness, then you must learn to spend for others too."





CLASSIC STORIES OF INDIA

THE ROYAL SEAL (2)

(Story so far): The Nanda King of Magadha released their kinsman, the young Chandragupta so that he could solve a riddle. That he did and he became so popular that the Nandas did not dare to imprison him again.

That was the time when Alexander, the Macedonian Conqueror, was camping in India. Chandragupta joined his army and was trained by his commander in martial arts. But Chandragupta did not mean to support them.

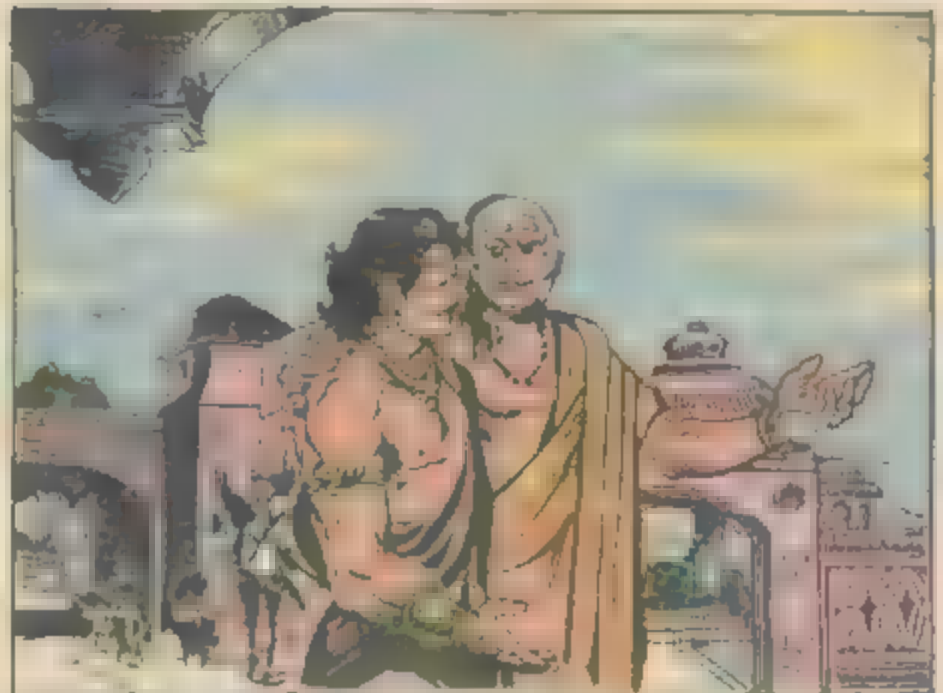


One day he insults the great Greek conqueror's general and gallops away. He is pursued by the Greeks, but they fail to capture him. Chandragupta escapes to safety.



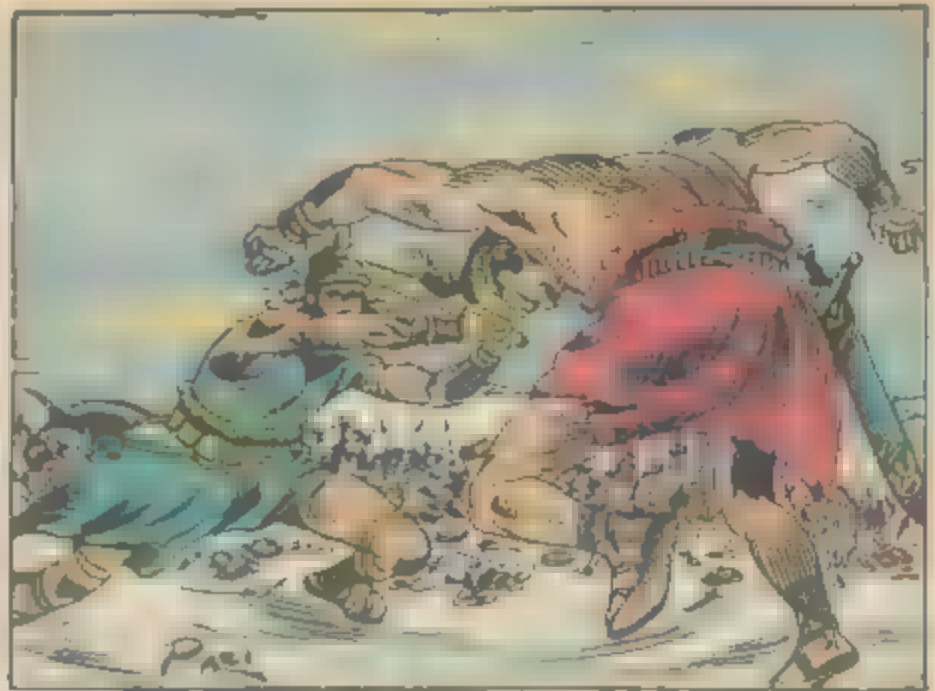
Meanwhile, in a religious ceremony held in the palace, the Nanda king had insulted a Brahmin scholar named Vishnugupta, more popularly known as Chanakya, simply because the Brahmin looked very ordinary, and unfit for a royal ceremony.

Chandragupta and Chanakya met by chance—a chance which changed the course of history. Chanakya was extraordinarily intelligent and Chandragupta was strong and brave. Both had grievances against the Nandas.



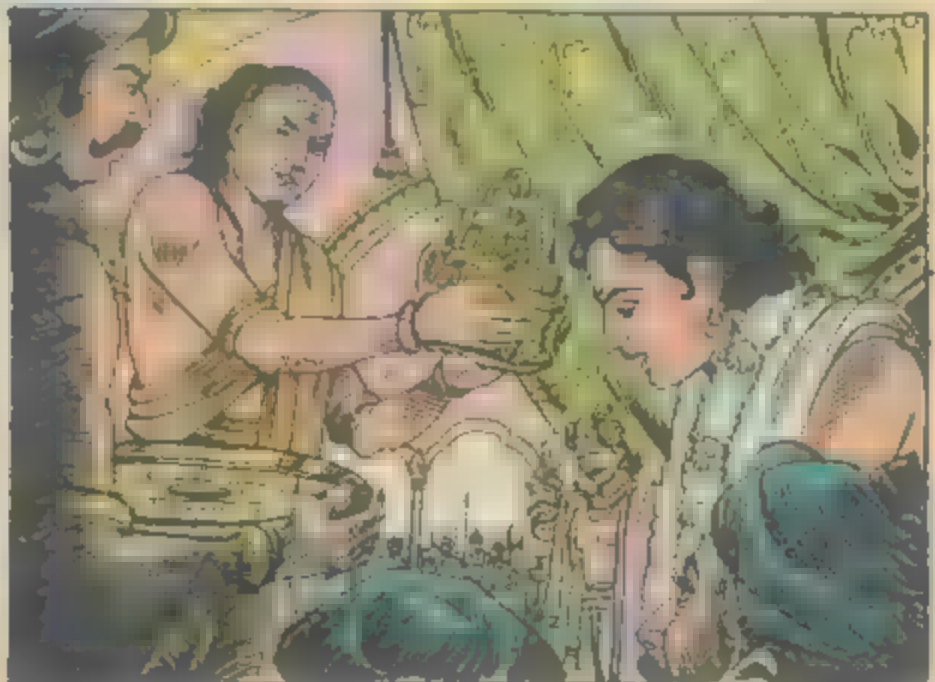
In the frontiers lived a powerful chieftain named Parvataka, the ruler over a tribe. Chanakya promised him half of Magadha. Parvataka was ready to supply him with his army.

Chandragupta invaded the capital of the Nanda kings with Parvataka's army. A fierce battle took place. The Nandas were not prepared for this. Their army was routed. The enemy entered the castle.



The chief of the Nandas, Mahananda, was led by his minister, Rakshasa, into a hidden chamber, through a secret tunnel. But the king was killed by Chanakya's men. Rakshasa, the faithful minister, was in great distress.

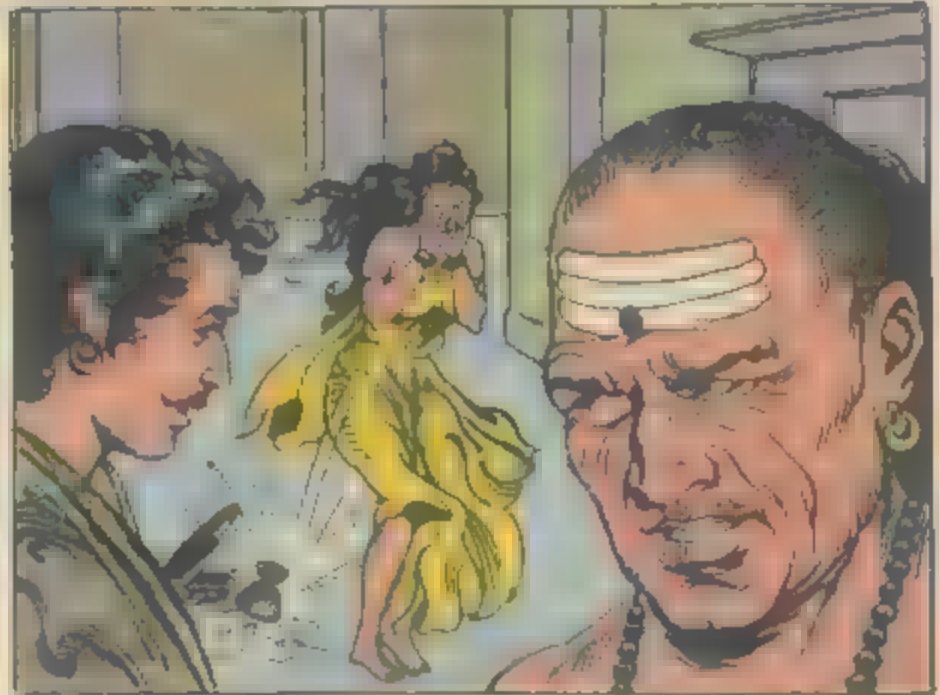
Chandragupta was crowned the King of Magadha. It was a happy change for all, because Chandragupta was an intelligent prince and he had come to know that his parents and brothers had been subjected to cruel death by the Nandas.





Rakshasa, the heart-broken minister of the Nandas, decided to ~~murder~~ the death of his masters. He managed to put a charming damsel in Chandragupta's household. The maid ~~tried~~ to poison the young king. She was clever and crafty.

Chanakya catches the maid. The drink is proved to be poisoned. She confesses to her guilt. Instead of putting her to death, Chanakya promised her reward if she can charm and kill Parvataka, because Parvataka was now demanding half of Magadha.



The maid gains entry into Parvataka's household. She charms the king with her dances and songs. One day, she succeeds in serving him a poisoned drink. Parvataka dies.

To continue

ST. THOMAS

On the outskirts of the city of Madras there is a hill which is of great historical importance. It is because the hill is associated with the very beginning of Christianity in India.

It is believed that St. Thomas, the Apostle, one of the direct disciples of Christ, reached India in the very first century after Christ. The Christian Community he founded became known as the Syrian Christian community. St. Thomas breathed his last on this hill. The Portuguese built the first Church here. Inside it is to be found a painting of the Mother Mary and Child Jesus which is said to be one of the seven portraits painted by St. Luke and brought to India by St. Thomas.

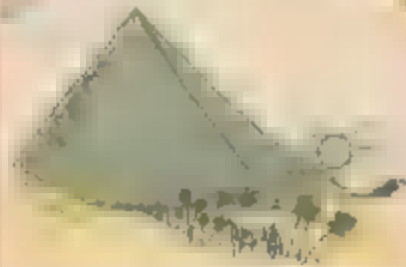


DID YOU KNOW?



Prince Jozef (1763-1813) of Poland had been warned by a Gypsy that he would be killed by a magpie. He avoided birds all his life, and was drowned while crossing Germany's Elster river. *Elster* means magpie!

The murre bird can swim underwater for long, using its wings as fins. It moves under the frigid Arctic waters to catch small fish.



The Pyramid of Cheops at Giza (Egypt) is the largest tomb ever built.

The Earl of Queensberry (18th century) was so fond of eating that he could consume five full dinners, each of several courses, in one evening.



One of the eyes of Alexander the Great was black while the other was blue.

Rabbits can run faster while climbing a hill than they can while descending.





THE STRANGE CROWN

There was a kingdom in ancient China, the kings of which used to put on a strange cap. It was made of the skin of a jackal. Why? Well, we must tell you the full story behind it in order to answer the question.

In olden days there lived a young man named Atang in a small hut on the outskirts of a village. He had no property except the small land surrounding his hut. But that was enough to sustain him.

How? Surely, this too is a natural question. This is the answer:

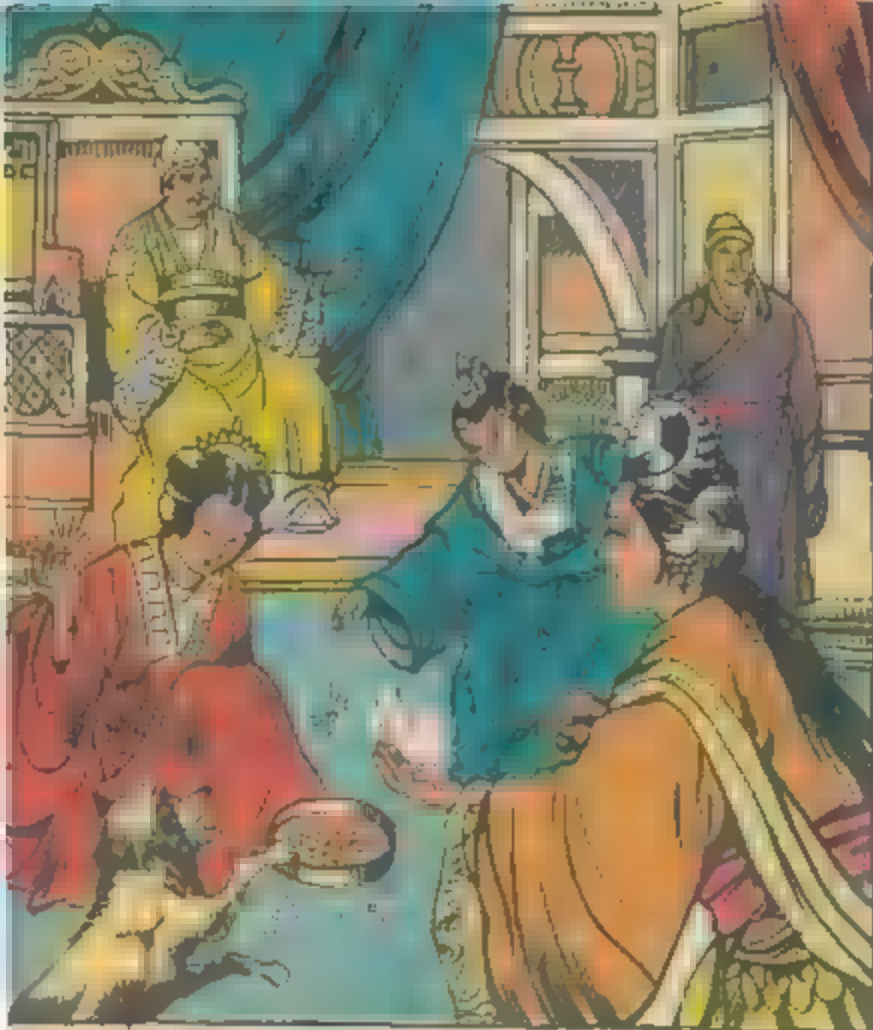
On his land stood a pomegranate tree. Whoever had once tasted its fruit, would give any price for enjoying it again. No wonder that Atang's pomegranates were famous. He had raised a wall around his small land and, at night, slept under the

tree so that no thief could plunder it.

One morning he saw that a number of ripe pomegranates were missing from the tree. He found no human footprint on the ground. He was surprised. He was even more surprised the next day when he found even more pomegranates gone!

Atang pretended to sleep, but kept awake during the next night. Soon after midnight, he saw a jackal entering through a hole in the wall and jumping at a fruit. Atang got up. The jackal began to run. Atang gave it a chase and caught hold of its tail when it entered the hole. But the jackal slipped away.

In the morning Atang deposited some strong gum in the passage. When the jackal entered it again, it got stuck in the gum. It could not free itself,



however it tried.

Atang laughed and said, "So, there you are!"

"Atang, kindly free me. I will do you much good," said the jackal.

Atang was astonished to hear the jackal talk like a man. "Good God! You can talk!" he exclaimed.

"I can talk and I can do much more. In fact, I'm a wizard turned into a jackal under a curse. Set me free and see what I do for you," said the jackal.

"All said and done, you are now only a jackal. What good can you do to me?" asked Atang.

"I repeat, I can do much. I

can even arrange for your marriage with the princess," said the jackal.

"Is that so? Very good, let me see you do that," said Atang lightly and he set the jackal free and removed the gum from its body by applying oil to it.

As soon as it was morning, the jackal swam across the river and reached the king's palace. He met the king and said, "My lord, I hear that you have a special sieve which can sift good gems from cheap ones. Can I borrow it for two days?"

"It is astonishing that a jackal can talk like a man and that too fluently. But why do you need the sieve?" asked the king.

"His Highness King Atang has a heap of gems. He wishes to find out the best ones for making an ornament for his would-be bride," answered the jackal.

"King Atang? I never heard of him!"

"How do you hear of him? He lives in his castle in the forest of Tung. He does not care to come out," said the jackal.

"But isn't the forest of Tung under a giant's occupation?" asked the king.

"It is the kingdom of a

giant. But the mighty King Atang tamed the giant and captured his castle. He is a great wizard," said the jackal.

The jackal came back with the sieve after two days. Some colourful stones were found stuck to the sieve. "Indeed, the sieve was used to sift gems!" observed the princess who saw it. "Who is going to marry King Atang?" she asked.

"We have not yet decided. I wish I found a beautiful princess like you!" said the jackal.

The princess blushed and looked at her father.

"Jackal, sir, why don't you propose my daughter's marriage with your king?" said the king.

"I am authorised to finalise any proposal if I find it good enough. Well, let us fix the date," said the jackal. The king was happy. The date for the wedding was fixed.

The jackal went back and brought Atang with him on the appointed day. Atang was in his soiled old clothes. The jackal kept him standing in the river and ran to the king and said, feigning sorrow, "My lord, King Atang was coming with his party. A sudden flood swept the members of the party. But lucky



is the princess, for, her bridegroom is alive. However, his royal robes got soiled. He took it off in disgust and threw it to the current. He is now standing amidst the river."

The king rushed to the riverbank with new robes. Atang put on new clothes and marched to the castle.

The wedding was performed. Atang spent some days happily in the royal castle. Now he must return home.

"Are we to expect some people from Tung who will escort our son-in-law and daughter?" the king asked the jackal.

"They are already camping on the other side of the river. I

forbade them to cross the river lest there is once again a flood," said the jackal.

Some merchants were camping on the other side of the river. The jackal met them in advance and said, "Take care! Bandits are coming!"

"What should we do?" the leader of the merchants asked in panic. "You are the wisest jackal on the earth, for you can talk. You can surely save us."

"You sing the glory of King Atang. No bandit will dare to harm you," counselled the jackal.

"Hail King Atang!" shouted the merchants. The king, bidding goodbye to his daughter and Atang on his side of the river, was impressed.

Atang and his wife proceeded towards the forest, as advised by the jackal. The jackal went ahead

of them and was hidden in the giant's castle. The giant had grown old. The jackal told him, "I'm sorry to inform you that the king is leading his large army to conquer your castle."

"But, I am old and sick and am unable to fight!" lamented the giant.

"Hide under a stack of wood. I will see to it that no harm comes to you," said the jackal.

The giant did as advised. Atang occupied his castle. People of the forest who used to look upon the giant as their king now accepted Atang as their king. The giant lived in hiding till his death. The good jackal used to feed him without fail.

Years later the jackal died. Atang wept and made a cap out of its skin. That became the hereditary crown of the dynasty that began with him.



A NIGHT OUT

Nilmani was the king's washerman. He often had the royal garments in his custody for cleaning them.

And he was in the habit of donning the royal garments at night and enjoying a stroll on the deserted city streets. Once in a while somebody would see Nilmani and mistake him to be a royal personage and salute him. Nilmani enjoyed that very much.

One day a stranger, looking like a hermit, passed by Nilmani. The stranger cast a stern look at him, but showed no respect towards him. That infuriated Nilmani. He challenged the stranger, saying, "You must be a burglar in the guise of a holy man. Tell me, who are you?"

"Who are you?" asked the holy man in return.

"Can't you see? I'm the king!" answered Nilmani. "I see!" said the stranger casting another stern look at Nilmani. Then he resumed walking.

Suddenly Nilmani realised that the stranger was none other than the king himself in disguise. He trembled. But there was no time to lose. He must do something to save himself from the king's wrath. He fell at the king's feet and said, "O holy man, you are endowed with divine vision!"

"What made you think so?" asked the king.



"I pretended to be the king. Anybody else would have looked awe-struck. But you did not care. That means you could see that I am only the king's washerman, enjoying a bit of fun alone at night!" said Nilmani.

The king smiled and went away.




LET US SALUTE PHRASE-MAKER

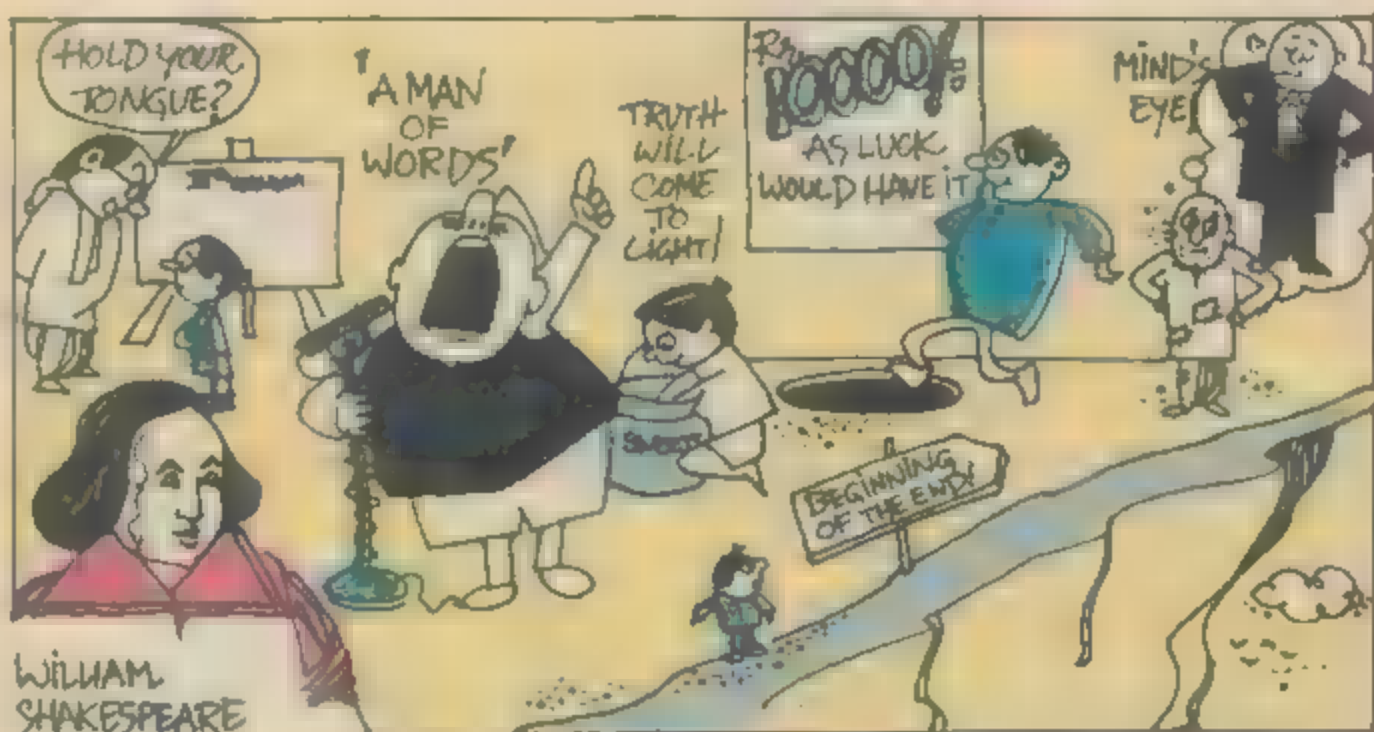
April is the month of William Shakespeare, for he was born in April (1564) and he died in April (1616). He was one of the greatest geniuses mankind has known and his contributions to drama and poetry will always be remembered by all with surprise and joy.

But do you know his contribution to our daily vocabulary? We use so many phrases coined by him  words elevated by him to the status of phrases, without remembering him! Let us today remember him while  remember his phrases:

Does somebody you know live in *Cold comfort*, that is to say, with very little or no comfort? Did someone leave your town *bag and baggage*, that is, was almost compelled to do so carrying with him everything he had so that he may not visit the town again? Do you see sometimes things through your *mind's eye*, that is, do you imagine a scene vividly? Did you ever say to someone, "*Hold your tongue*?" Then you should be grateful to Shakespeare.

But many more picturesque idioms have come from him: *grim necessity*, *heart of hearts*, *beginning of the end*, *as luck would have it*, *the short and long of it*, *Greek to me*, *Love is blind*, *Truth will come to light*, *haven't slept a wink*, *a man of words* and so on and so forth.

Thus we keep on paying unconscious tributes to this great writer even when we are speaking or  writing letters or writing anything else!





LET US KNOW

In the "Classic Stories of India" beginning with Shakuntala, it has been said that our land got its name, *Bharatavarsha*, from King Bharata, the son of Dushyanta and Shakuntala. But I had been told that the country derived its name from Jadabharata. Which is correct?

—T.J. Rao, Jamshedpur

The *Adi Parva* of the *Mahabharata* informs us that the land got its name from King Bharata, the son of Dushyanta and Shakuntala, who ruled the land for a very long time. The country under him, as we gather from Puranic sources, had divisions or *Khandas*: *Indra-dvipa*, *Kaserumat*, *Tamra Varna*, *Gabhastinat*, *Naga-dvipa*, *Saumya*, *Gandharva* and *Varuna*.

King Bharata was the founder of the Lunar race.

The *Rig Veda* speaks of a heroic king named Bharata. His grandsons were all known as Bharatas. It is possible that still at a later time there were powerful rulers known as Bharatas who were devotees of *Bharati*, a name of the Divine Mother.

We do not know of any authority attributing the origin of the name of the land to Jadabharata.

It is likely that during his long reign King Bharata subdued several warring kings and earned the respect of many more kings. Although India had a number of kingdoms, often a great monarch was looked upon by the other kings as their mentor. The great patriarch Bharata was probably the earliest such monarch.

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PICKS FROM THE WISE

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.

—Livy

A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes.

—T. H. Huxley

Prosperity makes friends and adversity tries them.

—Anonymous



No share prices,
no political fortunes, yet...

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RAM & SHYAM

IN PRESENCE OF MIND

RAM & SHYAM VISIT THEIR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD BANK TO DEPOSIT THEIR WEEKLY SAVINGS. POPPINS DELICIOUS POPPINS ON THEIR WAY.

UMMM, POPPINS!

JUST THEN, A COOTER SCREECHES TO A HALT STARTLING RAM & SHYAM. TWO MEN RUSH INSIDE THE BANK PREMISES AND FIRE GUN SHOTS.

HEY!

OUR BANKER FRIENDS ARE IN DANGER, WE MUST ACT QUICKLY!

THEY ENTER THE BANK THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

THEY'RE SHOCKED AT WHAT THEY SEE.

HANDS UP! GIVE US ALL THE MONEY!

THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!

THEY CREEP UP CLOSER TO THE TWO MEN AND POINT THEIR UNOPENED POPPINS PACKS LIKE GUNS.

HANDS UP!

UNAWARES, THE TWO THIEVES ARE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH. RAM & SHYAM QUICKLY TIE THEM UP WITH ROPES.

RAM & SHYAM, YOU'VE DONE A GREAT JOB!

HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

SUCH PRESENCE OF MIND.

OUR POPPINS PACKS CAME TO THE RESCUE.

PAKLE
POPPINS

POPPINS

Lickable. Likeable. Lovable.

